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OLD MARYLAND:

ITS HOMES AND ITS PEOPLE, WITH SOME OF DR. OLDBOY'S VIEWS THEREON.



THE HOMESTEAD.

ON the Eastern and Western Shores of Maryland, in Harford and Baltimore Counties, and at Annapolis, the quaint little capital of the State, are still to be found occasional examples of the domestic architecture of the days when Maryland was a province of the English crown, and the large landed proprietors lived like feudal chiefs on their estates in summer, and in winter took up their quarters at Annapolis, and shared in its dissipations and pastimes. The bricks of which these great mansions were built were of English make, the style of architecture purely English also—square and sturdy, covering a large surface of ground, but rarely rising above two stories, except where the central gable broke the line of the cornice. The ground-plan in most instances consisted simply of a central hall with wings stretching right and left, and showing a total frontage of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty feet. The checkered walls of the older colonial dwellings, many feet in thick-

ness, would even now resist an ordinary siege if the opposing forces were without cannon. They were, indeed, often constructed with an eye to this very contingency. Many of them lay far from even the scattered settlements of that early day. They were surrounded by immense tracts of land—Doughoregan Manor, the grant to Charles Carroll, was of twelve thousand acres. If they were to be protected at all, away in the wilderness, remote from any immediate hope of speedy assistance, they must be able to defend themselves. Disconnected from the main building, but clustering about it, were the storehouses and the offices for domestic purposes. In the rear or on one side, screened by trees, but within easy distance, were the "quarters" for the negroes, and still a little farther off the stables, kennels, and sheds. Simply plain and massive externally, and with an air of solid comfort about them, the interior finish of these mansions was remarkable for thoroughness and elaboration,

large sums of money being lavished on the carved mantels, cornices, and mouldings, and on the broad, heavy, balustraded staircases. The rooms were all wainscoted; the floors beautifully white, but rarely carpeted. The pictures on the walls were few, and these for the most part family portraits. The exceptions were generally allegorical paintings, such as those illustrating the four seasons, which adorned until recently the four walls of the hall at Bel Air, the seat of colonial Governor Ogle, and which were presented to him by Lord Baltimore. But, if there was little taste for pictures, the sons of the great planters who a century or two ago were sent to England to be educated, and some to study law at the Inner Temple, brought back with them a genuine taste for landscape-gardening. To the formal but stately avenues of Lombardy poplars or double rows of tulip-trees, such as made and still make the approach to Bel Air so imposing, succeeded the ornamentation of the grounds about the mansion, the laying out of walks, the opening of vistas, and the grouping of trees and shrubs.

Old Colonel Nicholas Rogers, returning from the Revolutionary War, caught, among others, this fever for landscape-gardening, and devoted the latter years of his life to the pursuit of this art on his fine estate of Druid Hill, since purchased by the city of Baltimore, and known as Druid Hill Park. The few groups of his planting that still remain bear testimony to the skillful manner in which his ideas were carried out, and to the study which he gave to contrasts of color in respect to autumn foliage.

Equally charming were the grounds of Homewood, on what is now Charles Street Avenue. On this fine property Charles Carroll of Carrollton built for his son, in the latter part of the last century, a brick mansion in the familiar English style we have already described. It changed owners long since. The greater part of the land has been sold off, and roads have been cut through the remainder. But the house, a portion of the grounds, the old approach through a skirting belt of woods, a few picturesque clumps on the lawn, and some grand old trees, still exist as relics of a lovely domain that will soon disappear under the pressure of the urban population.

About a mile southward from Homewood,

and nearer the city boundary, was the Homestead, the Patterson-Bonaparte house, famous for its lawn and for the beauty of its trees and shrubbery. It still stands on its own grounds, but greatly restricted from what they were in the more prosperous days of its former owners. Its style, though English in its prevailing features, and especially in the central gable which breaks the otherwise uniform line of the roof, indicates the change in suburban architecture which was just then beginning to manifest itself. The house is not so old as Homewood, nor is it so massively built; but in its spacious rooms, and in its elaborate interior decorations, it once vied with the best houses of the period.

Old men yet living contrast with pride the manners and customs of those days with our own. In this regard the Centennial fever rather inclines them to a retrospective boasting and the pouring of the cold water of contempt upon the inflated notions of the contemporary nation.

In their eyes there are now no ladies so stately and tall, or who glide so like a swimming swan, as the belles of long ago; no gallants so active and handsome, so ready to hunt, dice, fight, or take captive a fair lady's heart, as those who wore the broad-flapped coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches.

My friend Dr. Oldboy is a type of the class, and a fine one—a physician of the old school, and a polished gentleman, educated at the same institution. Fond of reminiscences, knowing the city and State thoroughly, and the best of its people for many, many years, he talks well. His regrets are softened by a habit of taking life as he finds it, and none can accuse him of living in the past to the neglect of the present.

"The social characteristics of Maryland," said Dr. Oldboy, gently reclining in his comfortable, cushioned arm-chair, and clasping his hands before him—he was in a more than usually communicative humor: the Legislature had just made a liberal grant to a favorite charity of his, a subject of life-long devotion—"the social characteristics of Maryland have always differed widely from those of the provinces to the east of her. In New England the sterility of the soil as well as the harshness of the climate was unfavorable to profitable farming. The people then gathered into villages, and took to trades and handicrafts; were fishermen on the sea-coasts; built ships and engaged in commerce. But in our own State, for a hundred and fifty years after the arrival of the Ark and Dove in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, there was not a town of any note, with the exception of St. Mary's, which never consisted of more than a fort, the House of Assembly, Lord Baltimore's residence, a tavern or two—like that of Garret Weasel, so well described in Kennedy's 'Rob o' the Bowl'—and a few scattered houses among the sheltering trees. Annapolis came next into importance; but, as Annapolis rose, St. Mary's fell. At the Revolution, 'Baltimore town' did not contain more than eight thousand inhabitants. Otherwise there was scarcely a village worthy to be so called throughout the whole province."

"Not even a tavern, post-office, and

blacksmith-shop, the modern equivalent, I suppose?"

"True; and for the best of reasons. There were no post-offices in those days, except at the landings, such as Elkridge Landing, in Howard and Joppa, the old capital of the State, in Baltimore County. The taverns were also at these places, and nowhere else. Blacksmithing was done on the plantations by skilled negro slaves, who did the carpenter and the mason work. Every plantation was as complete in itself as it was possible to make it, and as independent as a little principality. The colonists were nearly all planters at first, and were their own factors and merchants, having in some cases their own vessels, and their agents in London.

"They shipped their own tobacco—brought to a landing in stout hogsheads, with a revolving axle driven through the middle, and dragged by a strong mule guided by a plantation negro, over what are still known as the rolling-roads. In return they received not only all kinds of necessities for their own consumption, but for supplying the lesser planters and their servants. Of provisions they never had any lack. They raised their own mutton and beef and pork; then there was venison to be had in the forest, wild-ducks in abundance in their season, fish and oysters in the estuaries of the bay and in the rivers that flowed into it. They led a life of independence in a land of plenty; dwelt on their own estates, surrounded by their servants, and dispensed to all comers a lavish hospitality. Their chief pleasures were of the ruder sort. They had their horses and hounds, and hunted and fished; were fond of races and cock-fighting; often drank freely, and sometimes gambled heavily. At Doughoregan Manor saddle-horses were regularly brought every summer morning and hitched under the trees in a picturesque, nervous group, and any one of the guests was free to take his choice, and gallop off over the hills either alone or with chosen companions. The custom is still kept up there. Ladies were among the boldest of riders. It was the only mode of quick journeying.

"Thus, the very sports in which the Marylanders indulged tended not only to promote vigor of body, but also manliness of character, and it was these qualities that enabled them at a later day to cross bayonets successfully with the best-trained British regulars, and to turn the tide of battle on more than one stricken field. For the most part, they were well educated, some of them being excellent classical scholars, and showing it—think of such a thing at the present day!—in their political speeches and pamphlets. They were punctilious in matters of honor, and in social life were noted for that high-bred courtesy which so prominently distinguished the few that still remained with us through the first quarter of the present century, such as Charles Carroll, John Eager Howard, and their compeers in age."

"I have heard, my dear friend, that all the virtues did not descend from heaven and abide with that generation. If I mistake

not, there were cakes and ale then as well as now, and, if the ginger was nine times out of ten smuggled, it was still hot i' the mouth."

"Ah! but their manners gilded even their vices, of which no doubt they oftentimes covered a multitude. I knew many of these men who made history and who lived in what is now history, and I have told you much that I heard from their own mouths and observed in their daily walk and conversation, and a purer body of men never lived—never probably will live—certainly not in America. A country never can pass through the innocence and charm of its infancy any more than can one of man's estate go back and prattle at his mother's knee. If I sometimes lament the decadence of both manners and morals, I have cause."

"I am not defending our morality. If our ancestors had no vices, how did they amuse themselves?"

"That covert sneer belongs to the present generation, and is that of one who, if he has no vices of his own, at least reads the papers and amuses himself with a daily catalogue of those of his neighbors.

"So long as the Puritan element had control of the government, the planters remained stubbornly on their estates, and but rarely made their appearance at the little provincial capital.

"At a later day, all the wealth and fashion of the province gathered there during the session of the General Assembly; and, as the troubles with the mother-country drew to a head, the days were given to politics and the nights to dancing and card-parties—from which state of things there is little difference now, except the vast one that the *tone* of politics is immeasurably lowered, and the social characteristics suffer with it.

"This custom of passing a part of the year at Annapolis was kept up by the gentry of Maryland both before and after the Revolution, until the superior attractions of Baltimore began to encroach upon it, and ultimately broke it up altogether.

"With the growth of Baltimore town came a change in the old provincial customs. During the Revolution the British held New York for nearly the whole period of the war, and part of the time had possession of Philadelphia also. Baltimore being more secure from the inroads of the enemy, enterprising men came and settled here, built flour-mills upon the streams in the vicinity, established iron-foundries, embarked in trade and commerce, became the factors of the planters, and laid the foundations of the fortunes they subsequently made, but which very few of their descendants have kept.

"It was during this period that the semi-circle of hills around the newly-incorporated city became crowned with the country residences of the merchants and opulent gentry of the day—the Patterson house, made more familiar to the general public by the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Patterson to Jerome Bonaparte; 'Green Mount,' the seat of Robert Oliver, another wealthy merchant, divided from the grounds of the Patterson mansion only by a lane; within musket-shot of the latter, westward, Colonel John Eager

Howard had torn down the cottage in which he was born, and was building Belvedere. Robert Gilmor had built, about the same time, Beechwood, on the heights to the west of the city, with a magnificent view to the southeast of the broad Patapsco. A mile beyond the eastern boundary Charles Carroll had given Homewood to his son; and at the entrance of Green-Spring Valley another stately mansion was the home of his favorite daughter, Mrs. Caton, who was to become the mother of the Marchioness of Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and of Lady Stafford, who all died childless, and this branch of the family became extinct with them.

"There, also, a little before or after, were built other substantial country-houses, overlooking the city at various distances, and scarcely less attractive in their day. Some of these have since been perverted to meaner uses—the Carroll town-house and the fine country-residence of Charles Carroll, called, for distinction's sake, 'Barrister Carroll,' have become lager-beer saloons and gardens, and some have disappeared altogether."

"You mention the Patterson-Bonaparte house. Did you ever see Jerome when he was here?"

"Often."

"We all know what he was in his old age; but I have always had a great curiosity to know what he was in his youth."

"I am afraid I can tell you very little. As you may imagine, I was a boy then—it was from 1802 to 1805. My remembrance of Jerome comes back to me principally in the form of gold-lace, a negro, a monkey, a painted sleigh. If I had seen the great Napoleon at that period of my life, I would probably recollect only a cocked hat and a pair of epaulets."

"Jerome was a shapely young fellow, dressed usually in the uniform of an officer of the French navy, with little, feminine, dandified adornments. I remember, as of yesterday, the sensation he created. We had before this feasted Rochambeau, Lafayette, and others, but our belles never had the chance until then to try their charms on so fair a field for conquest. A solemn league and covenant was entered into, and it was openly boasted that Jerome should not leave these shores uncaptured. Of this, however, I was too young to know anything."

"The French vice-consulate was then next door to the residence of my father, and Jerome often came to visit the consul. He was always accompanied by his colored valet, and the latter's constant companion was a large monkey. A crowd of boys followed this combined raree-show wherever it went."

"But the sleigh which the young officer brought over with him from France was the most superb thing I ever saw. It was shaped like a lion. The forelegs were fastened to wood and metal runners. The back was razeed so as to afford seats in the hollow of the body for one person before and one behind. The head was splendidly carved and gilded, and colored, with flashing eyes of stone or glass, red tongue partially lolling from the mouth, yellow teeth, and flowing, tawny mane. We boys, and older citizens

too, stared and admired as it flashed past with its two horses driven tandem—the invariable custom—and the strange French officer driving in a uniform which threw into the shade the scarlet and yellow of the wonderful lion. We almost expected the snow to melt at once before such a dazzling array, and Jerome, as he sat erect behind his fine pair of horses, looked as though he thought it very disrespectful that it didn't."

"The lady he drove became soon almost invariably the same—Miss Patterson. The pastime of snowballing was then one of the licensed frolics of the period. I happened to be a witness of a scene wherein a snowball thrown by a mischievous urchin struck Miss Patterson in the face. Jerome became furious. He swore in English and in French, and doubtless would have sworn also in German, but he was then not so familiar with the disparaging terms of that language as his Westphalian princess afterward made him."

"He did not mend matters with the public, either, by offering the next day a reward of five hundred dollars in the public prints for the arrest of the perpetrator of an act which any sensible man would have overlooked."

"The rest, of course, doctor, is matter of history. For more than a year we see them flitting about the old Patterson country-seats—from New York to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington."

"At least," said the doctor, "they had a pleasant time, and the pleasantest of company. Baltimore has never been more attractive than at that period. Viewed socially, it was a loose, shambling, overgrown village. Pleasant and gossiping indeed it was, for all the people knew each other, and their virtues and their failings, as in other village communities, formed the staple topic of light discourse."

"We had a theatre, then, and our assembly-rooms. The invitations to an assembly were often sent and written on playing-cards. I have one in my possession, on which a young lady of one of these country-houses received the delicate compliment of such a welcome missive upon the Queen of Hearts."

"The quaint little theatre brought many a gallant in through the muddy lanes on horseback, and not seldom the lady was perched up behind him. It had some of the splendor of a great barn, weather-boarded, milk-white, with many windows, which looked down with a hospitable, patronizing, tragic-comic greeting upon the street."

"In the old assembly-rooms the elect danced, and flirted, and supped with charming simplicity on tea or chocolate, and sweet rusk."

"Those who went neither to the theatre nor the assembly sat on the long summer evenings upon their front-steps, and gossiped, or went from door to door retailing and receiving the latest news."

"We were a happier community then than in later days—isolated, for the nearest city was Philadelphia, and that was five days' journey. We lived to ourselves; our neighbors were those of our own household. Now

we seem to me to be mixed up with all the world."

"A man of the present cannot comprehend the picturesqueness of the costume of those days. All classes wore the low-crowned, three-cornered cocked hat, such as we only see now in stage-plays and pictures. The style of the coat was undergoing a change. It was now larger, square-cut, and broad-skirted, with wide cuffs and lace-ruffles. The waistcoat was getting shorter, and had lost its broad pocket-flaps; breeches were of fine broadcloth or buckskin—according to the wearer's station in life—long, gartered stockings of silk or wool, and square-toed shoes, fastened over the instep with an immense buckle of polished steel, sometimes of silver."

"As for the costume of the ladies, who can describe the fashions that were ever changing? They followed the mode of the country from which they drew the rich material for their dresses—silks, and satins, and brocades, that even now are cherished as heirlooms in some families, and are marvels of beauty and texture. Of course they wore hooped petticoats, when hoops were the mode, and high-peaked stays, and high-heeled shoes, and their waists were a yard long, and the shape of a wedge. When fashion rushed to the other extreme, they divested themselves of their hoops, reduced the volume of their swelling skirts, and girdled themselves under the armpits."

"Baltimore has always been renowned for the beauty of its ladies. In that, at least, we have not fallen behind the high mark of your younger days, doctor."

"No, no; I see as sweet young faces to-day on Charles Street as I ever saw at 'The Homestead,' or 'The Manor,' or at 'Brooklandwood,' arrayed in gorgeous brocade and taffeta, luxuriantly displayed over hoops, with comely, laced bodices, with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, and then expanded into prodigious ruffles. And then they danced. O Heavens, their dancing! The hair was powdered, pomatumed and puffed; their collars were low in the neck, and a kerchief, silky and white, was folded over the bosom, and tucked within the armor of the unbending stays; their shoes were satin, and 'beneath their petticoats, like little mice, crept in and out,' for they took the daintiest of little mincing steps, and put on a multitude of coquettish airs."

"Yes, I have seen them, gayly laughing, pass in and out of those doors at 'The Homestead,' and at 'Brooklandwood,' all 'the old familiar faces.' Ah! what scenes have those old places witnessed in their day—what courtings and feastings, marriages and deaths, for the massive walls never kept out sorrow and grief, and sighing."

"I can see now, while the ladies are walking on the lawn, one eye on the flowers and the other on the avenue, up which the sounding gallop of an approaching horse makes the rhythmic music which long ago caught the ear of Ennius and Virgil. The meeting was a thing of ceremonious courtesy. Life is too short for such things now; but when I see a modern dandy, with his languid 'How

do,' and his hat lazily lifted, as if, like the old Roman, his hand was weighted down by the weight of a finger-ring, it gives me the utmost pleasure to recall that, in my young days, a bow to a lady required much space, and some little duty was imposed on the spinal column; and nothing could be more piquant than the lady as she reciprocated the salutation with a courtesy that seemed to carry her into the earth with her chin bridled to her breast, and a prodigious wealth of dignity.

"Conversation then was a part of education. When social habits were so closely interwoven in the life of the people, to talk well was of itself a distinction. Not a week passed without a formal dinner-party at some of these spacious country-seats, and guests would frequently ride twenty miles to attend

thousand-fold, and our knowledge—at least so it appears to me—brings us discontent, and our multiplied wants increase the difficulty of living and keeping up social appearances.

"We did not know so much in those days of which I have been speaking, nor were our wants very many; but we knew enough to be aware that happiness was to be found in quietude, and hospitality, and neighborly feeling, and not in restlessness, and 'push,' and 'enterprise,' absorbing every faculty, and drying up the life-blood in the veins; and among our wants we demanded national liberty, and we got it; we required social morality and purity, and we got those also. So take that with you, and reflect upon it, my young friend."

The doctor ended, and I took my hat,



THE CATON MANSION.

them—Sewalls of Mattapan-Sewall; Claggetts of St. Leonard's Creek; Addison's of Oreon Hill; Dorseys of 'Mayors Choice,' and fifty other places—they were a plentiful tribe, the Dorseys—Darnalls of 'The Woodyard'; Carrolls of 'My Lady's Manor'; the Catons; the Ridgeleys; the Howards; the Harpers. This was the time the city of Baltimore first gained its reputation for beautiful women and hospitable men.

"Manners and people have lost their careless ease, their good-nature, their punctilious courtesy. Time, like a river, has borne us along on its current until we find ourselves out of the smooth waters of the harbor, and tossed upon the rough waves of the ocean, while Care stands beside the helm.

"We know more, and we want more a

not forgetting to bow as low as I thought reasonable—a mixture, I prided myself, of the independence of the modern with just a modicum—a *souffron*—a dash of the deferential attitude of the ancient manners. I had become imbued with the atmosphere of past days, and trust I may have carried the reader back with such competent guidance to old colonial and post-Revolutionary Maryland—its mansions stately, and spacious, and broad; and its people with hearts as warm and capacious, relatively, as the fires that blazed and threw bright flickers and fantastic gleams over the fair ladies and brave men of the olden time from the huge open fireplaces that were in themselves a generous and hospitable welcome to every guest.

J. C. CARPENTER.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

VLADIMIR TORNOWA, the secretary, sat motionless before his desk in General Oblensky's office, and with weary face peered into the gloom which was gathering in the room. The apartment was a sumptuous one, though its official character was but slightly marked. An immense bookcase stood in the back of the room, and here and there maps of the Russian Empire, with plans of military works and fortifications, hung on the walls; but then pictures and panoplies of Eastern arms filled up the gaps, and there was an elaborate buffet almost as large as the bookcase, and there was gaudy buhl furniture, and in the corners were queer, grim old cabinets, the earliest specimens of Russian workmanship. Cumbersome screens of the time of Catharine, covered with embossed leather, stood folded up on each side of the room. These screens were large enough when opened to divide the room, and would allow total privacy when required. In fact, these screens, on the occasion of certain private theatricals given at the palace of the governor-general Oblensky, had been called into play as substitutes for wings on the stage.

What most looked like work was a big table covered with charts, books, pamphlets, and papers, standing about in the middle of the room facing the single large window, on one side of which window, almost hidden in the heavy curtains, was placed the secretary's desk. There was a fireplace in which the embers were smouldering, and occasionally there would be a splutter of flame, and a spark would be reflected on the stands of burnished arms. Vladimir Tornowa glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece; the hands were moving toward five; and then he looked out of the window back of him. It was time, he thought, for the soldier whose special service it was to intercept the courier to arrive, bringing the dispatches and official communications. These documents were rarely delayed after half-past four, save in mid-winter, and now, though a storm was threatening, the roads were still good. The secretary had instructions that, immediately on the receipt of the dispatch-bag, he should open it, and make a list of its contents. The key to the padlock was always placed on the general's inkstand. He would get the key, he thought, and he rose wearily, went to the table, felt mechanically for it, and found that the key was gone. Then he paused for a moment, as if resolving what to do. Now the secretary's hand sought for something in his breast. There was an apparent struggle, as if of painful indecision, and, with an effort, a small package was withdrawn and placed on the table. Now he knit his brows, set his teeth, and tried, with a single hand, to open the table-drawer. The drawer struck fast, and he put both hands to it, exerted his strength, winced as if in pain, when it opened, and then, pale as death, he seized the parcel, threw it into the drawer, and closed it. This having been accomplished, he sank down into the chair before his own desk, and buried his face in his hands. Then he thought he heard the gallop of a horse on the hard ground, for

freezing weather had just set in. He looked through the window again, and saw the sergeant, with the red dispatch-bag slung over his shoulder, cantering across the public square in front of the governor's palace. The man would undoubtedly, just as usual, alight inside of the iron railing, tether his horse, mount up the private staircase, and deliver the bag in person to him. Half eagerly, the secretary rolled back the heavy curtains and opened the window. Just then an aide-de-camp of the general's passed quickly from a side-door, crossed the courtyard, stopped the soldier, and took the dispatch-bag. Vladimir closed the window, and, as he did so, saw the general, cigar in hand, standing on the balcony opposite. The two men exchanged rapid glances.

"It is all for the best," said the secretary; "this torture of expectancy has lasted now a week;" and he resumed his place and waited coming events. Ten minutes passed, and Vladimir heard the tick of every second, and, when the clock sounded five, his heart pulsed with each stroke. Then, strangely enough, the secretary's mind reverted to other subjects. He remembered how General Oblensky, impetuous, capricious, implacable at times, had a fearful inclination to torment men's souls, when he doubted them, by a method peculiar to himself. The secretary recalled a circumstance which had happened a year ago. On the occasion of a grand dinner, given to the general by the military officers of the province, some particular case of brutal crime, perpetrated in an adjoining province, had been the subject of conversation. It seemed as if the culprit had been a man of good family and education. The general had taken a prominent part in the discussion, and had said: "The knout has passed away, with a great many other excellent, old-fashioned Russian customs. We are philosophizing so much, gentlemen, that probably in our milkop age murderers and executioners will use anesthetics before taking away a man's life. When we employ capital punishment, the final act of the law makes no shadings as to the standing of the culprits. The neck of the dirtiest *mujick*, or of the daintiest prince of the empire, offers just the same amount of resistance to the executioner. Should there ever appear before me, and God grant it may never occur, a man punishable for a terrible crime, should he be of birth and education, the physical expiation of his guilt would be as nothing when compared with the mental torture I would inflict on him."

The secretary clearly recalled all the merest details, and how the governor had accentuated his speech with a cigar in his fingers, and, as he ended the sentence, had knocked the ashes of his cigar on the table, and the next moment was laughing over the recital of some St. Petersburg scandal. Vladimir Tornowa's mind now wandered on the subject of the scandalous story, and he tried to remember the people who had figured in it. Then a dull, apathetic feeling came over him, and, utterly exhausted by some internal strife, some long-continued mental agony, he dozed for a moment. It was the first rest he had had for three days. He thought he had

slept a full hour, though scarcely five minutes had elapsed. He awoke, strangely enough, somewhat refreshed, and gave no start, when he saw General Oblensky standing near him, with the dispatch-bag in his hand. The governor passed noiselessly by him, went to his table, and flung the bag on it.

"The key, Vladimir Tornowa, the key!" said the general, in a harsh voice.

"The key, your excellency? It was usually left on the inkstand," replied the secretary.

"Did you look for it?"

"Certainly, general; but, not having the bag, there was no use of searching for the key."

"The bag is on the table. You could have scarcely looked carefully, for here is the key under my seal. No matter—open the bag and arrange the papers. Why do you hold that bag in your right hand, and put your left hand into it? You are not usually left-handed. That is an awkward way. There, bring out the papers for me one by one, just as children do when at Christmas-time they seek haphazard for presents in the lucky bag."

One by one the secretary took out the documents and placed them on the table. There were scores of letters, big official envelopes crackling with seals, petitions, memorials, reports, pamphlets, and newspapers.

"Is there nothing more in the bag?" asked the governor. "Shake it."

The secretary took the bag as directed in the right hand.

"Do it vigorously, with both hands, so that nothing shall escape us."

Vladimir Tornowa obeyed, and no muscle of his face moved.

"They are all on the table apparently—a mass of them, quite a budget;" and the governor assorted the papers. "Here is one on the floor, however, which must have tumbled down. How careless of you!" The governor pointed to a large envelope at his feet, which he picked up. "Did you see it fall, Vladimir Tornowa? Evidently it is an important document;" and saying this he placed the fallen paper conspicuously in view.

"I do not think it fell, your excellency, or I should have noticed it," replied the secretary, now perfectly conscious that this paper must have been taken out of the dispatch-bag by the general himself prior to his having distributed the contents. The envelope bore the peculiar cipher of the police.

"It is well," said the general. "Now, Vladimir Tornowa, to work. Pray take your seat;" and the general opened some letters, and mused over their contents. Suddenly he said, "Here is an infernal business which this letter recalls." Then he paused and glanced at his secretary. "I want all your attention; I am going to call your arithmetical powers into play. Those cursed English contractors have sent in their account for the iron bridge."

A true Russian of the old school, General Oblensky hated all English, French, and Germans, as the Chinese do "foreign devils."

"Confound them! if I had my way, I would keep them out of their money for the

next ten years; but pressure has been brought about, and I am instructed forthwith to settle the account and have bills of exchange in English money ready for them. Here is a whole foolscap page of figures. Come to my desk and get the paper."

The secretary rose, walked to the governor's table, and extended his hand to receive the document.

The governor took the police-envelope, handed it to him, and then, as if perceiving some mistake, said:

"No; I am in error. This is the one. Here are the figures; how long will it take you to master the account?"

"Not more than fifteen minutes, I suppose," replied the secretary, with a fleeting expression of relief in his face. Then Vladimir Tornowa sat down to the figures, and in a short time said: "Your excellency, according to the last rates of exchange, which I take from the Moscow paper, you will instruct bills to be drawn to the amount of eighty-three thousand five hundred and eighteen pounds, fifteen shillings, and ten pence."

"Right," said the general—"right to a copeck. The finance-clerk kept the accounts for a week, and told me he had to call in three commercial experts to help him sum it up. The finance-clerk is a fool, an idiot, and an incapable dunderhead, and shall lose his place. You see, Vladimir Tornowa, what it is to have a clear head. Now, I dare say, had you any of those minor worries which disturb most men's brains"—here the general again handled the police-document—"you would have stumbled over that sum. When I was a lad at home an intimation of a whipping used to drive all figures out of my head. Pray be seated once more. I have still some work of a different character. You will be good enough to give me the leading points in the Hufkoskoi case. You remember, I instructed you to look up that matter as much as six months ago. It is about that government property, which stupid case has been the bugbear of every governor of this province for these last fifty years, and which I must confess I never did exactly understand myself. Some aggravating state-chancellor wants more light on it."

"Excuse me, your excellency," was the secretary's reply, "but I must state that the explanation of this matter, as made to me by you some months ago, gave me a clearer insight into it than the voluminous mass of testimony I had to read afterward."

"I have forgotten it all, though," replied the governor, in a peremptory way. "My mind wants refreshing. Young men have more retentive brains—have not much else to think about. Quick, let me have it!"

The Hufkoskoi case was all about a certain crown-domain, one portion of which began or ended in an insignificant town in the province. The town had been burnt in 1812 when Napoleon had passed through Russia. The state claimed the ground in the town, so did the municipal authorities, so had twenty individuals thirty years ago, and they had transmitted their titles to some hundreds of heirs. Questions of spoliation, indignities, arbitrations, judgments, appeals, specifications, seizures, releases, were terribly mixed

up. The old Russian code, the new one, the peculiar provincial laws, had wrangled over it.

The secretary's brain, taxed to the utmost by other thoughts, now by some strange psychological process was in such a state of tension as to vibrate clearly with any slight impression. He was amazed himself at his own mastery of the subject. Facts, dates came to his mind now with scarcely an effort, and in a continued narration extending over a half-hour the whole of the Hufkoskoi case was presented in a condensed form. Vladimir knew that anything like a pretense of ignorance was simply a peculiar idiosyncrasy of General Oblensky, as his memory was cited as among the most remarkable of all Russian functionaries.

All the while the governor was listening, he held in his hand the envelope with the cipher of the police-bureau on it, and would bring it down from time to time on the table, somewhat mimicking the movements of a band-master when directing his music.

"Well done, sir," said the governor; "not a salient point has been omitted. Your narrative accords with my notes. With a clear, logical mind of your own, I have sometimes thought that it was a pity that you had not been appointed secretary to the Minister of Justice. Sifting out evidence in criminal cases would have been your forte. But here is lighter work for you. As usual, there is an avalanche of invitations for breakfasts, dinners, suppers. There is the opening of another cursed railroad somewhere. I will not go to it. My presence is wanted, however, at a review—at the foundation of a hospital. Consult my engagement-book. I am determined to amuse myself more, and enjoy the civilities of the province. Accept for me everything in reason, for, after finishing some ugly business to-day, I shall feel like a collegiate on his holidays. Write briefly and quickly, for we have much to do yet before dinner. How rapidly time goes!" Here the general drew out his watch. "Have we not some people to-day at dinner?"

"Your excellency instructed me a week ago to send out a number of invitations."

"Do you recall the names of the guests?"

"I do not, sir; a reference to my note-book would inform you."

"No matter, though I am inclined to think there will be a vacant seat at table to-day. When you have finished the invitation business, place your letters on my table."

The secretary took to his desk once more, and resumed his labors. He had hardly commenced when the general called him.

"Here is a letter," he said, "from our diplomatic representative in Venice. I had him put there on account of his *bric-à-brac* propensities. This man describes to me, in glowing terms, a unique Venetian goblet, which he has the refusal of, for my collection. He thinks I might want to purchase it. Pray go into the next room where the cabinet is, and bring me—let me see the number—325—yes, I think that is it. It is a delicate cup, with gossamer-glass supporters. The ground is rose, with spirals of

opaque glass woven through the stem. As you arranged the collection some time ago, you ought to know exactly where it is. I will compare it with the description of the one now in Venice."

The secretary rose once more and left the room. General Oblensky strained his ears to hear the sound of breaking glass. Presently the secretary was back again, holding in his hand the most delicate fabric of man's cunning. As Vladimir stood before him, the general, reaching as if to take the glass, swept off with his arm a pile of heavy books, which fell with a crash on the floor.

"You have not broken my glass, sir?" exclaimed the general. "I admire your nerve above all things. That will do—put the glass on the mantel-piece; I will examine it at my leisure."

Once more the secretary went to his work. Presently the letters were answered, and placed on the general's table. Now an ominous pause took place. The general was engaged in spreading out, fan-like, the various documents on his table. Then he would take the papers, shuffle them like cards, and cut them. At last he said:

"Where shall we begin? Hazard is everything. I close my eyes so, put out my hand at random, and we will begin with the very first one we light upon!—Ah! just as in a dish of fruit, as ill-luck will have it, one gets hold of the pear with the worm in it. I have picked out the worst." Here the general held the police-document in his fingers, and said, "I should not be surprised if you knew what it was."

"A police-report," replied the secretary, and, perfect master as he was of himself, he gave a slight, involuntary shudder.

"I must have," said the general, "what the French call *le flair* for such things. I fancy, at times, that in some unaccountable way I can guess at the contents of a written communication even when it is sealed up. I remember once receiving an ordinary letter, and, why I did not know, dreading the opening of it. I think it staid on my mantel-piece for hours, and I had not the courage to break the envelope. When at last, ashamed of myself, I did open it, I found it contained the account of a family calamity which was entirely unexpected. You are not, probably, impressionable that way, Vladimir Tornowa? The chirography of this document, however, tells its own tale. The round letters look like handcuffs, the straight lines like fetters, and the flourishes like scourges." Here the general indulged in a mocking laugh. "Be good enough to draw the curtains aside so that I may catch the last rays of the light. There, hold the folds so."

A storm seemed threatening, though the setting sun blazed for an instant into the room, and Vladimir Tornowa stood in the glare.

"Keep your place there for a moment while I read. First comes the description of the individual—ta, ta, ta! Descriptions are pretty much all alike. Lavater was another of those German idiots. Physiognomies are terribly deceptive. The cruellest wretch I ever knew had blue eyes, pretty

dimples, and curly hair, and such a loving expression. He was a matricide. So we won't bother much about the descriptions just now. Ah, here is the essential part! It is murder. Would you kindly hand me my snuff-box? I think I left it on the clock-stand. Murder, that is it—assassination and robbery, of course. No, the robbery seems to have been partly foiled. It looks as if the butcher did not have time to fleece his sheep. Did you bring me my snuff-box? If it is not on the mantel-piece, it must be on the buffet. Pray look for it."

The secretary, who had been standing motionless, now suddenly let fall the curtains, went to the mantel-piece, found the box, and gave it to the general. The general took a huge pinch, and resumed his reading.

"Lots of verbiage; but now we come to a most important point." Here the general paused, and said, taking another pinch of snuff, "You will be good enough to write to our consul at New Orleans about some snuff. Years ago I procured a certain *Nachitoches* snuff from Louisiana which was admirable. Ah! where were we? Oh, yes; this murder-matter, and another important point. The head clerk of the police writes: 'Your excellency, we want the person. He is in your neighborhood, and you *must*'—the fellow underscores 'must'—'you must get him.' Here the general laughed, and repeated a half-dozen times, "Get him!" "Now to think," he continued, as he threw down the paper, "of the impertinence of some understrapper of a clerk in that villainous office—writing to me, the governor of this province, in that familiar style! Is it not absurd, Vladimir Tornowa—utterly preposterous? Certainly, nothing is easier in the world than to say 'Get him.' I leave it to you, sir, and you know something about official duties, how many times we have been told in the most authoritative and pompous way, 'Get him,' and how rarely have we succeeded in getting him. Does the chief of the police suppose that since his own sleuth-hounds have not been able to track their game, our duller provincial cats can bag his rabbit for him? One would think"—here the general rose from his chair—"that all I had to do was to leave my *fauteuil*, so, walk across my office-floor, and clap my hand on the shoulder of the very first man I came across—you, for instance, Vladimir Tornowa!" and, saying this, the general laid his hand heavily on his secretary's shoulder.

Vladimir Tornowa never budged, not even winced. It was well, though, that it was getting dark, or the general might have seen a face as white as marble, or have noticed a drop of blood which, trickling down the secretary's arm, stained a sheet of paper on which his hand was resting.

The general laughed once more, an airy, cruel laugh, then seemed to heed the incident no longer, and walked leisurely back to his own table.

"Here," he said, now with a gruff voice, "take this pretty document, make a careful abstract of it, detail all the facts. The abstract having been made, pin it outside of the original."

Once more there was a dead silence within the room; but outside the wind was howling, for the storm was coming up. Both men were apparently utterly absorbed. General Oblensky had tilted up before him a large portfolio. Though he seemed to be studying some details, from time to time his eyes glanced furtively beyond the lid of the book, like a soldier peering over a gabion. Certainly, the governor could not be reading, for what little light there was in the room was only at the window where the secretary was working. Suddenly the governor seized a bell-pull, rang it vigorously, and a servant answered promptly. "Close those curtains," the general said to the valet. "Throw more wood on the fire. It is terribly chilly." The general belied his words, for a moment before he had been wiping the perspiration from off his forehead. "Light the candles in that candelabrum on the bracket over the secretary's desk. Take those screens, move half of each one of them back of me, extend the other sides toward the window."

The servant arranged the ponderous screens so that they took somewhat of a theatrical form—the auditorium being the general's table, the secretary's desk being the proscenium. The illusion was even heightened by the flare of the candles, which shone now concentrated over the secretary. It was a fine effect of light and shade.

"You will wait a moment," said the master to the servant, as the general hastily wrote a few lines. "This note contains some instructions to my daughter, your mistress. Take it to her. The dinner must be delayed. You need not announce it, but will request your mistress to come to me in person when dinner is ready. You may go."

The secretary was toiling over his work, and his pen, screeching as he wrote, neither halted nor faltered. At last the final page was reached. The paper rustled as the secretary smoothed it out before him, and laid a weight on it to keep it in place, and now the concluding paragraph was in order, for Vladimir Tornowa touched it with his pen, and the abstract of the police report was finished. No, not quite yet, for the secretary took his writing and read it slowly over, changed a word or so, and it was ready. The secretary rose, walked deliberately to his principal's table, and placed his triple sheets of abstracts before the general.

"Ah! it is done, then?" said the general, rubbing his eye-glasses. "Your abstracts have always been *chefs-d'œuvre* of condensation. And have you indeed boiled down all these sixteen pages of blood and murder into these three sheets? So this is the concentration, the quintessence of the thing? There was only one trifling matter we two have ever quarreled about, and that was a certain microscopic handwriting of yours, which was ruining my eyes. I see this is written in big, bold characters. So much the better. I shall not have to use my glasses. I will put them away." The general opened his drawer, dropped in his glasses, but did not close the drawer. "Now you will kindly read this paper to me—your famous sketch. Allow me to give you a chair. Not there, sir." The

general took, with mock ceremony, a chair and placed it at the extremity of the screens, just under the candelabrum. "There, that will do. Pray be seated. That heavy Persian window-curtain makes an admirable background, and the screens throw in all the lights in a most artistic manner. It has quite a charming effect. Vladimir Tornowa, do you know I have always liked a certain quiet ease and English phlegm, an imperturbableness, which you undoubtedly possess? In my military experiences I never, for the life of me, could help admiring the nonchalant way with which certain deserters I was forced to shoot marched off to their execution. My daughter has been more than once struck with a certain impressiveness with which you read verses. If you are cool at times, you can be impassioned at others. I have seen Aleesawiata cry over your personification of character. I will even go so far as to state that, as one of an appreciative audience, I have been moved by your interpretations of Pushkin."

"Your excellency," replied the secretary, "indicates quite pointedly a talent which I never knew I possessed. If Mademoiselle Aleesawiata—"

"You will please not mention my daughter's name at present. Now clear your throat and read. Why, I do not know, but it seems to me that your voice is a trifle husky. Throw your whole soul into what you are reading. A real, bloody murder is something more tangible than any of your sham epics. I wonder whether a murderer cast in the mimic rôle of an assassin could throw the proper emphasis, the true action, into the part? Go on. You may play the comedy or tragedy as you please; I shall assume the part of a critical audience. The band has concluded the overture, the prompter's bell is heard, the curtain rises—begin. I shall either applaud or hiss, according to the merit of the performance."

The secretary now felt that his ordeal was coming. He even bowed with a mock humility, and said, in a low, deep voice:

"That critical taste, that dilettanteism, which your excellency possesses, would hardly brook so sorry an actor as one who must needs read his part."

"What do you mean?" cried the general, half rising from his chair.

"I therefore discard the copy of the play," said the secretary, as he threw the written abstract on the floor.

"You know it then by heart?" gasped out the general.

"Every line of it. Listen. On the night of the 3d of October, three men were seen struggling near a fountain in the Zemelianoi Gorod quarter of Moscow—"

"The police-report said two," interposed the general.

"It is hardly proper on the part of the audience to interrupt the performer," replied the secretary.

"But you wander from your text."

"I say three. A police-agent saw three men struggling near the fountain. He states that he thought nothing of it because it was not unusual for gentlemen returning from their clubs after supper to be noisy and quar-

relsome. Presently one of the men fell, and the other two disappeared. The policeman went to pick up the drunken person, as he thought him to be, when he found that the man was dead. A surgeon from the barracks of the Fifteenth Infantry, whose post was in the neighborhood, was called in. Three wounds were found, any one of which would have been fatal. The pocket-book of the dead man was discovered on the ground, with its clasp torn off. There was a small amount of money in the pocket-book, and some pieces of silver and papers were found 'scattered round.'"

"Now, Vladimir Tornowa, since you have indeed got by heart the whole business, your declamation as to the introductory part—the prologue—has been monotonous to a degree. Describe the assassin, who has been tracked to this province. Elaborate now, if you please." And the general leaned on his elbows and fixed his steel-gray eyes on his secretary.

"The description? Which of the two?" asked the secretary.

"The report says but one!" thundered out the general.

"You are in error, or perchance have not read the report critically. A short interpolated leaf has escaped your notice. A police-agent now testifies that there were three men engaged in the quarrel."

"The description of the assassin!" roared the general, like an infuriated lion.

"He was apparently a man of twenty-eight, of middle size, with dark eyes and black hair, well dressed."

"How old are you?"

"I was eighteen when I entered your household. I have been with you ten years."

"You are not very tall, and usually dress well—have dark eyes and black hair—"

"Pardon me, sir," said the secretary, as he seized the candelabrum and held it near his own head. "Ten days ago, on the 3d of October, my hair was black; on the 4th the first gray hairs appeared. It has been changing ever since; and, should this fearful interview last yet a while, this horrid torment on your part continue, it is not at all unlikely, before it is concluded, that my poor head will be as grizzled as your own."

"By the Almighty God, you have changed, though, Vladimir Tornowa! Your hair is gray—but it has bleached through remorse! Vladimir Tornowa, you are the murderer! Move a step, and I will—"

"You will shoot me! Your open drawer has a pistol in it. Use it, if you please. Did you suppose I was not acquainted with the contents of your drawer? Look farther in your drawer. You will see there a small hunting-knife with a Toola handle. That knife has no point to the blade. If you had given the report something more than a passing glance, you would have found that the police had discovered a broken knife-point where it was imbedded, snapped off in the spinal column of the dead man. That knife killed the man!"

"The broken knife-point has not escaped me. The whole of this bloody business has been before me for a week in all its terrible details. You have, I suppose, purposely for-

gotten to state that blood was found on the track of the murderer. The blood which is now staining your clinched hand, the left one, comes from some wound you received in the struggle. It is nothing more than a flesh-wound, though. That is why you have been so careful in using your left arm. You could scarcely hold the dispatch-bag. You have not been on horseback nor played billiards for a week. A drosky-driver has given information that he saw an individual, resembling you in every way, bandaging up an arm inside of his vehicle. You see all prevarication is useless. The Spartan boy who allowed the fox to tear out his vitals was but an hysterical girl when compared with the sullen determination of a Vladimir Tornowa. It was you who drove the knife, assassin-like, into your victim's heart."

"No! By the mother who bore me—no! That knife was mine once, but six years ago I gave it away."

"No more! This prevarication is useless. I do not allow even that a man should lie to save his life. My God! Vladimir Tornowa, justice must take its course. The note written to my daughter by me some few moments ago contained an inclosure to be sent to the sub-director who has for the present criminal matters in charge. In my letter to him I detailed my suspicions, my convictions. Your arrest is now but a question of a few minutes. I doubt if you will dine at my table to-day. After dinner, instead of whist, we shall have to play dummy."

The secretary staggered, then said:

"Does Mademoiselle Alecsawiata know anything of this accusation?"

"Scoundrel! how dare you show any interest in my daughter?"

"General Oblensky, you have tortured me pitilessly for the last two hours with a refinement of cruelty that knows no bounds. Should you or the whole world think me ever so guilty, should I die on the scaffold, your daughter will hold me innocent."

"Wretch! do you dare to blend your foul name with that of my child? Why should I not be both judge and executioner, and blow your brains out? I might say you attempted to escape, and that I had to kill you!" Pale with rage, trembling with excitement, General Oblensky took a pistol from the drawer, then dropped it. "Base assassin, cold-blooded brute—what! you do not even tremble? There is enough of the old Russian in me, and the power, too, to have you stripped and knouted in yonder public square. Have you stolen Alecsawiata's love? In my blind confidence I gave no credence to those who told me to be more careful of my daughter. Speak! have you planned it so—first to murder, then to steal my child, and hide all this blood under an alliance with my house? This is the very degradation of cut-throat diplomacy."

"Had you but one child?" at last said the secretary, covering his face with his hands.

"I had a son; you know it. He atoned for his faults, dying as a soldier in some unknown Caucasian skirmish five years ago."

"Would that he had died!"

"How 'would that he had died?'" exclaimed the general.

"Your want of pity made of him a desperate man. You tortured him sometimes when only suspecting him of some trivial offense just as cruelly as you have made me suffer. You maddened your boy, General Oblensky. You, whom I have seen merciful to a base-born criminal, were hard, revengeful—hard with your own flesh and blood. That knife in your drawer, with the Toola handle, you know. I dare you to look at it! It is true it was mine once; but you were present when I gave it to your son, when he left us, driven by your taunts into the army as a common soldier. In a revengeful way you said, as I gave him the knife, 'Why let such a scapegrace carry so sharp a weapon? Take care that some day he does not bleed some one with that very knife for a copeck!' Do you remember, and how your son blanched and trembled when in your bitterness you uttered those cruel words? Toward the last of September, almost three weeks ago, your daughter received a letter from her brother. He was not dead. Fearing your anger, your daughter showed me the letter; for now, utterly indifferent as to the consequences, I tell it to you, though the secret may die with me, that I love Alecsawiata! Here is the letter. I hold it in my hand. Your son was threatened by the police for some petty crime. On the last day of September, pleading business, I obtained permission to go to Moscow. Your son was in want of money, and he wrote for funds. I met your son. I found him, God help me! a miserable, squalid wretch, with almost every trait of human probity gone, save one, and that was in regard to his name—your name. He had concealed that under an *alias*. I promised him a certain sum of money providing he would instantly leave the city and go into service. I tried to convince him that in time there might be a reconciliation between an erring son and a merciless father. About his going into service he demurred, asking time to think over it. He gave me an engagement at night near the fountain, and met me there. He was excited with liquor in the morning. That night he was drunk, crazy-blind with rage. He taxed me with having slandered him, reviled me, and, in his impotent rage, would have struck me. In the first interview he had told me some of his troubles. By some means or other, a Greek—one of those men half criminal, half detective—had become the boon companion, the confidant, of your son. This Greek must have had an inkling of your son's name, and may have held the proofs of some crime committed by him. The Greek had been spying us, and, with that impertinence which only such creatures are capable of, approached the fountain, and, addressing your son in my presence, urged on him the payment of some large amount to insure his silence. Both were desperate men, and from words they came to blows. I interposed in the quarrel, and received a trifling wound. I saw your son stab his adversary. He must have killed him. God help me! General Oblensky, I am the only witness against Feodor, your son. When your son saw the man fall, that sobered him. In the Greek's pocket-book were evidences

of some kind implicating your son. I did a desperate thing. I took those papers. Open your drawer. You will find certain filthy sheets of paper wrapped round the knife. I hurried your son out of Moscow. We took different routes. He had money enough to reach the frontier and leave Russia. Perhaps I was followed, and he was not. General Oblensky, your honor is safe. I had too thorough an acquaintance with the routine of the police-bureau not to have known exactly when their report would reach this province and be put in your hands. I expected that fatal document to-day. But you have inflicted an injury on me which scarcely can be repaired. When I think, though, of your agony, of the agony of your daughter whom I love, my own misery, poignant though it may be, seems contemptible. Give me the knife, General Oblensky—there is time yet. I will throw it, as I do this letter from your son, into the fire, and the strongest chain of evidence will be broken. But, my God! you were too hasty with your letter to the sub-director. It is too late! I regret that the *dénouement* to the play has not been as you had planned it."

Just then a footstep and a timid knock were heard at the door, and a gentle voice said:

"Father dear, can I enter? You must have forgotten that two places were vacated at dinner, which left us just thirteen guests at table; so this morning early I sent invitations to the sub-director, his wife, and his two daughters, and they have all accepted. I have, then, disobeyed orders in not forwarding the letter to the director—the one you sent me some hours ago. Your letter came so late, and a storm was threatening. In fact, a servant has just announced that the director's carriage is crossing the square, and I can give him the letter in person on arrival. Shall I do so? Answer, father."

There was no reply. Had Alecsawiata listened, she might have heard the long-drawn breath of the secretary and the quick-er panting of her father.

"Mademoiselle," said the secretary, scarcely opening the door, "his excellency is very much engaged for the moment. Mademoiselle will give me the note for the director. His excellency may want to deliver it in person presently. We shall shortly have finished, I trust. We are quite engrossed in business."

"Your voice," said the young lady at the door in a whisper, "sounds strangely. But here is the note. You are not going to be so pitiless as to make me entertain the guests until my father and yourself deign to grace the drawing-room with your august presences? It is too bad! Here, take the letter!"

Then the speaker held in the crack of the door a letter between her fingers, and then gently withdrew it. Vladimir at last gently took the letter, lovingly held the hand for a moment, put his lips to it, and said, as he released it, in a low voice to himself:

"God only knows, but I am afraid I am kissing that hand for the last time."

It was the general now who sat motionless before his table, with eyes riveted on a small

knife around which had been wrapped a dirty piece of paper. The man's face was stony, the features were fixed, the eyes were blood-injected, not a muscle moved. One hand had evidently torn a fold of paper from off the knife; there were blood-stains on it, and the dull sheen of the peculiar Toola-work of the haft, half silver, half platina, was visible; the whole of the blade was not yet uncovered. So far the man's hands had gone, and then it seemed as if all other voluntary motion had ceased. The secretary placed the letter addressed to the sub-director unopened on the table before the general. The general looked at it with a vacant stare, then took it and slowly tore up the letter bit by bit, and motioned to his secretary to throw the fragments in the fire. Then the face changed for a moment, and there came over it that peculiar nonchalant, indifferent, worldly expression General Oblensky was wont to assume. It was, though, the merest transient phase, for now the man shook all over as if in an ague-fit, and his face relapsed into its former stoniness. With a palsied finger he becked Vladimir to come to him, and in a thick voice said:

"You will never, as you believe in your salvation, or trust in my rest hereafter—you will never tell to any human being of my disgrace! Yet must there be another sacrifice, and I cannot tell it you. Have I strength even to write it? My son! my son! I had thought him dead, and that his death had ennobled him—that, as a sacrifice to Russia, he had atoned by a soldier's death for all his faults. But a murderer! Quick, pen and ink."

The secretary, now thoroughly alarmed, placed a pen in the general's hands, and he wrote: "My secretary, Vladimir Tornowa, has served me well and faithfully, and has all my love—the love of a father for his son—but he may not disgrace himself by marrying my daughter, the daughter of a man whose son is a—"

Here the pen had stopped suddenly, as the writer's head fell on his breast; and he sank back into his chair, with mind and body wrecked forever. The secretary paused for an instant, then threw the knife, the police-report, the written abstract, the last few lines the general had written, all into the fire; then he rang the bell, and rushed out for assistance. Guests, servants, the daughter of the house, thronged the room. It was overwork, it was the heated room, it was apoplexy! The house-surgeon shook his head gravely, and said it was a peculiar comatose condition, which was of a most dangerous character. The secretary had few explanations to make. "It might have been the heat of the room," he said. The fire was blazing fiercely, for the secretary saw that not a fragment of the papers remained unconsumed, though the knife was glowing crimson red in the coals, and in his agony he thought every one would have noticed it. Still he said, "It must have been the heat of the room which has induced the general's fainting-spell, for General Oblensky's mind has never been clearer, more incisive, more ready, than a few instants before his sudden illness."

State machinery knows no halt, it grinds on incessantly. The sudden indisposition of the provincial governor—one of Russia's greatest military dignitaries—was announced in the official journals as nothing very serious in character, though the provincial prints published bulletins in regard to his condition. Early in November a new governor was appointed, and with him came a swarm of appointees.

General Oblensky lingered insensible, speechless for a month. Then, just at the close of the year, he seemed to rally, and some slight return to consciousness became apparent. On the Christmas-eve he called his secretary to his side, and said, quite rationally:

"Are we alone? My daughter Aleesawiata has retired—has she not? I thought I heard chimes sounding. Something, though, has been booming and cannonading through my brain for so long—but now these bells with sweeter tones have driven away all the jarring and jangling. Is it you, Vladimir? The police-report—did they follow it up? That abstract—that concise abstract, written in a bold hand, it was your work—did they ever read it? Did I not say once—yes, it was at a military dinner given by the officers of the province in my honor—did I not say I would put on a mental rack, worse than any physical torture, any man I thought guilty of a capital crime? I think I said something like that. You never made an abstract of that speech, did you? It was not official. Only an after-dinner speech. The champagne was very bad. I think I must have taken a great deal of it. My son—my son, did they find him? What became of him? If he had only been penitent once, only once, when he was a lad, I would have forgiven him—though what amount of penitence ever manifested itself in an Oblensky must have been very small, and there were many traits of resemblance between me and my poor Feodor. Is it not Christmas-eve? On the night when Christ was born we should all be forgiving and forgiven. God Almighty! how I loved that boy, and he has been away from me for years, and may never—never come back! Why did you stand there, Vladimir Tornowa, as implacable as fate, and enact a part which shattered me body and soul forever? Was it a Greek play, a tragedy, some story of a son goaded to crime through a cruel father's want of mercy? But *bim-bom* go the Christmas-bells. I remember, when my son was little, I once on a Christmas-night stole into his nursery, and, as the child lay in bed with his eyes wide open in wonder, I said to him, *Bim-bom* go the Christmas-bells. Yes, on Christ's night we are all forgiven. He is forgiven—my son—"

Vladimir would have answered, telling the poor old man how they had no tidings of his son, and that there was every reason to suppose that he had escaped, when the secretary heard the general give one long-drawn sigh, and then he passed out of this world with a smile on his lips.

The Crimean War was threatening Russia before General Oblensky's death. The secretary engaged in active service, and

passed through that terrible ordeal unscathed. His name is recorded for brilliant services in that book of brave men, the "Sevastopolskoi Sbornik."¹ The contest over, refusing all future military or civil advancement, he sought his own modest estates, and lived a retired life. The neighboring gentry in his province hold Vladimir Tornowa in high respect, for, though he mixes but little with the world, they know he is sent for by the highest dignitaries in the empire, and certain recent humane acts passed in regard to the treatment of persons under criminal suspicion are known to be due to his exertions.

The general's daughter became neither eccentric, religious, nor even an ascetic. With a woman's keen perception, though Vladimir Tornowa had pleaded disparity of rank and fortune on his part as obstacles to their marriage, she suspected that something had occurred which had marred their happiness. From Vladimir she never had an inkling of the cruel facts. They never will be joined in this life, for Aleesawiata is forty now, and Vladimir quite fifty, and a thousand versts of Russian soil divide them. Still they write to one another, as would a brother and sister, and Aleesawiata Oblensky, with her princely munificence, has Vladimir Tornowa for her almoner.

The police authorities, strangely enough, never sent a duplicate of the fatal document to the general's successor. Was the matter dropped consequent to the confusion which the war brought on? It would be showing an amazing want of ignorance on the part of any one to suppose that, when the Russian police are on the track of a criminal, they do not follow it up in the most inexorable way. If, then, in the archives of the Minister of Justice there may be papers relative to the murder of the Greek, for very good reasons they have been pigeon-holed years ago.

B. PHILLIPS.

UP THE MEXICAN COAST.

TRULY he is a good traveler who smiles as he travels, who bears his ills with urbanity, and who never reckons carelessness and negligence as causes of official shortcoming. The man who sees naught but accident, pure and simple, in the breaking of a car-wheel, nothing but fate in a short supply of coal, naught but sad ill-luck in the loss of two ships on the self-same rock, is surely a person to model after—if a better is not to be found. Truly, also, is he a good traveler who accepts nothing as safe and comfortable until he has had a chance to see for himself. Before he takes a stateroom he overhauls it like a housewife; before he goes down a shaft he looks at the rope on the hoisting-drum; before he retires, even if it be in the house of a bosom friend, he poises a chair upon two of its legs against the door of his chamber. He suspects everybody and

¹ The "Sevastopolskoi Sbornik," a work published by the Russian Government, containing the whole account of the siege of Sevastopol, an epic of Russian courage and devotion.

all things until he has put himself on guard. Surely such a person is also one to model after, if a better is not to be found.

And he, too, may be said to be a good traveler who is keen enough to put blame where it belongs, and who is fierce to insist upon blaming; and yet who can praise a cook for a salad, who can recall a little Wordsworth when the landscape becomes beautiful, and who can speak at length upon the Catholic ritual in a polite key. If this be a description of a good traveler, it is to be feared that there are few abroad, for few are to be seen.

The Intelligent Lady, however, appeared to be one; for, while she was charged, like a prosecutor's safe, with indictments against the lines, companies, and corporations, in whose conveyances she had suffered, and could detail them with all the force and acumen of a lawyer, her face was ever beaming with delight, and her voice was ever for joy.

When the steamer for San Francisco was about to leave Panama, and was riding peacefully at a single buoy in the middle of the beautiful harbor, a blooming Chilean girl, walking upon the deck, leaning upon the arm of her father, exclaimed:

"How safe one is upon these great ships, with their officers in gold-laced caps, and with so many of those neat Chinese for sailors!"

"Ah," said the Intelligent Lady to her neighbor, "fine reasons, truly; but yet just of the kind that begets confidence in most of the people that stir abroad. We shall look about to-morrow and see if her feelings of safety are justified. I have a fancy that they are not."

The lady here took a roving look at the vessel's deck, covering the smoke-stack, top-hammer, and cabins, in one calm survey; then, bringing her gaze in, she elevated her eyebrows and smiled, saying thereby:

"This has indeed the appearance of a proper ship to carry four hundred people, but—"

Half an hour later a friend complained that the prospect for a pleasant voyage was gloomy enough: "Hot, sweltering weather up to Cape St. Lucas, stopping, like a boy in Bun Alley, at every little poisonous Mexican port on the coast, and going along at a snail's pace even when out of sight of land. Fourteen or fifteen days from this to San Francisco—possibly sixteen—pshaw! outrageous!—and the last five of them cold, raw, foggy! Ship will be as cold as charity. Believe me, madam, this will be more uncomfortable than any trip you have ever made."

"Oh, indeed! I hope not," responded the lady, most cheerily. "On the contrary, I hope it will be pleasanter. We steam in sight of land nearly all the way, and you know that there is never a lack of moving air upon a steamer's deck. I am told, too, that the mountains form one continuous picture from here to San Francisco, and that the atmospheric effects are lovely. And think of the pleasure of strolling in those queer streets in Acapulco and Mazatlan; convents and churches everywhere, and of unheard-of age. And the whole land is blooming with fruits and flowers. To be sure, after we cross the

gulf it becomes colder, but I think I shall rather enjoy the change, for sea-mists are good for one's cheeks. Oh, I shall see that you are not made wretched!"

And the gay-hearted lady laughed a laugh that carried the day.

She consistently maintained this temper, and she lighted up the ship with it; at the same time her practised eye discovered many things that aroused her ire, and to those who were not to be alarmed or annoyed she was always ready to appear in the character of critic and denouncer.

The shores of Central America are indeed most beautiful; and, seen with lazy, listless eyes, half closed with the summer heat and summer winds, they become fairy spectacles, seen across fairy seas and beneath fairy skies. The ranges of mountains alone show above the swelling surface of the water, and upon their rugged sides there gather the most tender of blue and purple hues—tender almost to nothingness, and warmed by sunny flushes ineffably delicate. Here and there a lofty peak lifts itself above its fellows, and gathers a greater glory upon itself, but the line is tranquil and tranquilizing after all, and helps away many hours in dreamy beholding. The land-side quickly became the court-side of the ship, and every morning, day after day, the people sat and gazed and read, and gazed again toward the shadowy, far-off spectacle, perfectly content, and without a thought in their faces or a word upon their lips. Upon the Atlantic, where naught but the gray waters had been seen, it had been far different; a restless and uneasy movement had gone on from cabin to cabin, forward and aft, and from side to side, and every one grudged the hours. But the presence of land in the outlook, that solid, familiar element, even glowing as it was with a beauty that made it seem half unreal and impossible, filled every man with a certain calmness, and made him yield a little of his impatience.

At Panama nearly all the passengers had purchased full supplies of all sorts of fruits, and had stored their staterooms until they looked like shops rather than sleeping-apartments. Oranges, cocoanuts, pineapples, bananas, and mangoes, were scattered everywhere in the utmost profusion, and sweet odors made the air like that of a garden. The steamer, being one of the old-fashioned sort, was a side-wheeler, and the soft rush of the waters which came up eternally from beneath the decks grew to be a lulling murmur after a day had passed, and the people, idly listening, would nod and muse, presumably of tender things.

It was indeed the pleasantest of voyaging. At no time was the air too hot for comfort, the constant movement of the ship causing breezes to flow aft, and to penetrate all the cabins and staterooms. The one hundred people who lived abaft the wheel-houses did naught but lounge beneath the awnings, seek new and curious methods of consuming fruit, and, as I said before, gaze at the far-off, dreamy land, and read and gaze again. All was peace, and luxury, and safety—that is, upon the face of things, and few were they that looked beneath.

In the middle of a pretty dark night the ship arrived off Puntas Arenas, an uninteresting little port, rather difficult to get at. All persons on board were dead asleep, and the steamer bellowed and hooted with her whistle for quite two hours in her endeavors to wake them up. Just as she was about to go on and leave the spot to its ignorance, a toy tug-boat came tilting and tipping over the water with numberless lights on its deck, and with two silent passengers who came up the steamer's gangway-ladder with the air of convicted felons, and walked away into the purser's office as if to have their chains put on at his earliest possible convenience.

Acapulco was the port to be welcomed, inasmuch as the town is large and interesting, besides being fairly representative of the great majority of Mexican cities in general appearance. There is a bit of ugly history that has made the place one of ill-repute with all Americans, and the memory of this was awakened throughout the ship long before she arrived off the port.

Meantime a rather ludicrous performance was gone through with for form's sake; and, though it represented the ship's discipline, I venture to say that a worse representation of a worse discipline never excited greater derision among the careless or greater distrust among the more thoughtful of the lookers-on.

One morning notices were posted in the gangways fore and aft to the effect that at half-past eight a false alarm of fire would be sounded. This was seen by everybody, Chinamen and all. The Intelligent Lady put on a look of extraordinary interest, and, with her note-book in her hand, sought the place whence the coming exercise could be seen at the best advantage—on the starboard-side of the ship, opposite the captain's stateroom. All the passengers were on tiptoe, and were disposed to laugh, as people always are at things *pro forma*.

The good or bad execution of the fire-drill on the boat, or any other drill on ship-board, means a great deal. If it be well done, confidence is created among the passengers in a flash, and this trust that the officers and men are likely to do their duty in an emergency is nine points in the law when a disaster does occur. But, if it be done poorly, then a disquieting suspicion enters the breast of every observant looker-on, and this develops into disobedience and mutiny in moments of danger, the malcontents having just cause to believe themselves better custodians of their own lives than the incompetents whom they have seen at work.

In the present case there was every reason to predict that the exercise would be perfect, for the steamer was an old one, the officers were experienced, and the work was simple; and at the same time it was proper to insist that it should be perfect, inasmuch as the company that owned the ship had learned by experience what constituted danger from fire and what were the best means for prevention, and also inasmuch as there were five hundred people on board.

At the appointed hour the wheel-house bell was struck a number of times sharply and rapidly.

This was instantly followed by a grand interruption upon the deck of a host of Chinamen and a few Americans. They came out, with a promptness which suggested entire readiness, from numberless doors and gangways fore and aft, and distributed themselves, as per directions, close to certain pails and fire-axes in different parts of the ship. The axes were snatched from their tin supports, and handled with capital ferocity by the sub-engineers, butchers, and porters, while the Chinamen, with their simple faces wreathed in joyous smiles, stood by the half-filled pails of water, longing to duck something to carry out their notions of fidelity. While the passengers had been breaking their fast, the deck had been covered with a network of leather hose, which had been connected with the various hydrants and supplied with the proper nozzle-pipes. It would have been interesting to have witnessed the hurried fitting on and laying out of the hose in imitation of real action at fire, but this was denied. Immediately after the hosemen had grasped the pipes and pointed them over the ship's side, and all else was ready, the engineer put on his steam-pump, and we heard the machine throb and pant somewhere down in the depths of the ship.

Here was water for the flames! Here was salvation! The hosemen braced themselves against the coming wrench as they had seen firemen do on shore. But no wrench came. Air in puffs in plenty, but no water. The pumping was kept up for a while, and until the expectant crew began to laugh among themselves and look foolish. The engine stopped, and the engineer went to look after matters. Meanwhile the supposititious flames must have been devouring us wholesale. The officers on the starboard-side changed over to the other leg and gaped, and the captain slid below. The passengers tittered, and the Intelligent Lady wrote in her note-book with vengeance. But presently the engineer reappeared, a little red in the face, and the steam-pump went at it once again. This time, after due pause, one of the lengths of hose began to fill and twist, and after a while a muddy stream spilled out of the pipe and fell spirally into the ocean. Another length followed suit, and then another spirted a little, but afterward became silent, and gasped and went out, something like a candle. All the other lengths whistled and hooted like gallery-gods, but not a drop, not a tear, did they shed to condone this melancholy *fiasco*.

We learned afterward that the workmen had been tinkering at the hydrant in the cabin (in the cabin, mind! where the state-room-lights are, and therefore one of the most dangerous places in the ship) for two hours previous to the time at which the passengers generally rise. It was a natural desire of the officers to put a good foot forward.

It is not difficult for any one to understand that, had a real alarm been sounded, the chances of a cruel disaster would have been excellently good.

The timid, silly Chinamen would have done absolutely nothing, and every director of the line must know it; the pumps would

have broken in precisely the same fashion, and when mended they would have been (in that case lamentably instead of laughably) inefficient. The ship was as completely unarmed against fire as an ordinary tenement is. Even this display, bad as it was, was a sham. The most puzzling and, on account of the confusion, the most difficult thing to do at the scene of a fire, the coupling and distributing of the hose, was done before the alarm sounded, and consequently with a deliberation that a real conflagration would not have permitted of. Hence the cheat.

But, to be gracious, and to admit that it was commendable to "try" the crew and the pumps as early as the second day out, it is certainly proper to decide that, upon the discovery that both were full of faults, a second, and third, and even twentieth trial should have been ordered, if perfection was not to be attained short of that.

But nothing of the sort was attempted; the ship ambled on for fourteen days more, with her crew and her fire-appurtenances in precisely the same state of criminal disorder.

The ship was old, and her condition was analogous to that of a man who had lost his faculties, but who was yet able to shuffle about. Nine years make a steamer venerable; she is racked and twisted, and is fit for the junk-dealers only. The government sells its ships as useless when they attain that age. But this boat was so old and so ill fitted that the most inexperienced person could find signs of decay all over her wood-work and in the rigging. As for the davit-tackles, the important machinery by which the life-boats are lowered into the sea, most of them were so stuck and hampered with rust and old coats of paint long since caked by the heat that they were as impracticable as stage-balconies. It took the whole deck-watch one entire morning to swing a boat off her cradle and to turn her out over the water. Suppose there had been a sudden alarm, and the four hundred people on board had rushed to these boats demanding instantaneous flight in them, what then?

It is certain that the ship was in hourly peril of becoming the scene of one of those awful catastrophes that make the world shudder and that illuminate only too briefly either a wicked niggardliness, an incomprehensible blindness, or an awful dependence upon chance of those whose duty it was to have provided safety for all that Fortune had placed within their keeping. A digression of this character can be, of course, nothing but a whisper. It will have no effect, save, perhaps, of awakening a few careless, trusting travelers to the necessity of looking a little more critically, and when they have found a serious fault to do a little whispering on their own account.

The Intelligent Lady has a rule or two that are worth speaking of. Doubtless she had a thousand, but of those that bear upon the matter of traveling the writer became cognizant of these only.

"I always remind myself," said she, "that there are secrets among all engineers, conductors, hotel-clerks, physicians, captains, and pilots, that to publish abroad would be to alarm all would-be travelers into staying

at home. No train starts, no ship leaves its dock, no hotel enters upon its night-watches, without new and special dangers that demand extra care. It may be that a recent rain has weakened a certain culvert; that the entire fore-castle is mutinous, and is in fear only of cocked revolvers; or that the new heating arrangements, with numberless possible imperfections, are being put to practical use for the first time. Therefore, having fully made up my mind that I must incur these perils in order to gain the enjoyments of travel, I guard myself in every convenient way. I never retire to my chamber without fixing in my mind the route to the street-door. I never go above the second story in an hotel. I carry among my luggage a life-preserver of selected cork; also a strong cord, with knots in it one foot apart, for use in lowering myself from a deck or a window. I carry my own medicine-chest, filled with fresh drugs. I have my name stamped in full upon all articles belonging to me, and I have an India-rubber envelope fastened securely about my body, and which contains full instructions, written in several languages, as to the disposal of my body and effects in case of my death. I prepare myself as far as possible against all contingencies, and then I feel free to enjoy what may be enjoyed."

In speaking of her habit of fixing in her mind, before retiring, the route to the outer door, she let fall an observation which deserves to be printed:

"If one makes up her mind in a time of safety what course to follow in time of peril, she will follow that course to the letter. The decision once made remains with her as a sort of instinct, which will guide her when her power to reason has gone. If I were aroused from my bed by fire, I should follow my mental map of the hall-ways without fail. If the ship were wrecked to-night, I should endeavor to keep track of the first officer in order to get into his boat, for I consider him the ablest man on board."

If dangers threatened the ship, none of them materialized, and the craft ploughed on day by day, steering northwest, still upon a tranquil sea and still in sight of the beautiful land.

At an early hour one charming morning the mountain-peaks began to grow more lofty, and to take upon their rugged sides more varied hues. The ship ran in, and at eleven made a sudden turn toward a spot that seemed as close and unbroken as any in the coast. A narrow passage-way slowly opened, leading to a fair bay beyond. Upon a flat spur of land was a reddish fort, low and flagless, and seemingly untenanted. Stunted, gnarled trees lined a long drive-way that led from its gateway to the town, and sloping down to the water-edge, from the bottom of its walls, were fresh, green banks, most grateful to the eyes.

The town beyond lay up and down upon uneven ground, its earthen roofs glittering and sparkling in the sun, and its white walls looking marvelously hot. No sooner had the vessel anchored than a score of bum-boats shot out from the shore, in an eager race, filled to their gunwales with fruits and shells for sale.

At the same time a number of fine White-hall barges, with fringed awnings spread from stem to stern, came out to carry excursionists to land. Upon their arrival, there occurred one of those jolly scenes of strife and contention among the different crews that so invariably throw a ship's passengers into fits of laughter. The overlaid canoes, manned commonly by two fighting-men with paddles, strive with each other to gain good positions under the ship's quarter-railing, over which hang the cabin-folk, with money in their pockets. The barges have prior rights to the same posts, for over the quarter hangs the gangway-ladder, by which those who wish to go ashore may descend. The two factions, quarreling each within themselves, and pitted in savage earnest against each other, fairly make the harbor echo with their oaths and expostulations. An awful howling and shrieking, supplemented by the splashing of water and the crashing of boats and oars, make the hour hideous, and, if it were not that the combatants were in plain sight, it would be fair to imagine a battle of demons. As it is, however, not a scratch is made nor a hair raised. The greater bum-boats crowd out the smaller, the barges gain the foot of the ladder, and then the chaff and dicker begin in earnest, and are kept up with more or less vigor until the ship leaves the port. The staterooms become fragrant with pineapples and bananas once more, the ladies wear numberless trinkets of shell and grass work, and the narrow strait between the ship and the land is constantly traversed by the pretty ferry-boats, with loads of curious strangers going ashore.

Acapulco, when it is hot at all, is a furnace seven times heated. And the worst of it is, you cannot see the natives suffer. It is supposable that, if the populace could be discovered in a state of madness and ferment under the rays of the savage sun; a sojourner would feel all the soothing effects of companionship. He is denied that solace. Few people appear. One walks up a narrow lane of a street lined with petty shops, with here and there a pleasant shade-tree, and enters a plaza, perhaps an acre broad, and of irregular shape. Here the sun's rays are intolerably fierce. Everything glares; each low house-wall, each bit of flagging, each stick and stone, gives out a separate heat of its own, and one gasps for breath. Upon the farther side is a thick-walled church, with enormous doors, built in the name of the Virgin of the Solitude. It is like all other churches of the country in appearance, half fortress, half prison. A tattered man is found who, by pantomime, is induced to bring a huge steel key and let us in. We uncover our heads in a vast stone barn, where, at one end, is an undying flame—a solitary wick in an open bowl of oil, burning with a yellow glow. The priest's end of the church is a toy-shop full of tawdry gauds, and in a case above our head is a horrible waxen figure of the Holy Virgin, ghastly and repelling beyond description. It is surrounded by candles stuck in empty Bass-beer bottles. The well-known flagons of this Englishman are always found, at the foot of the Pyramids and in the sultan's dust-heap, but that they should

assist at the adoration! Sweet harmony, art mad? The streets are all narrow, crooked, and up-hill and down-dale. Few houses have two flats, and reason enough. At certain seasons of the year the earth quakes at the rate of two or three times a week, and the people prepare to anticipate a fall of one story only. Blank-walls show upon the thoroughfares. Whitewashed ramparts, with now and then a wooden porch and a doorway, run everywhere. To gain admission to a domicile one would feel puzzled how to apply, for the doors are often gates, and the gates are often lattices, unlike the regular portals at home.

Now and then the white solitudes that seem under the ban of some deadly scourge, from which the populace hides itself, yields up a strange figure—perhaps a *vaguer* with an immense hat, a *serape*, and a little mule; perhaps a barefooted tramp, dusty and forlorn, but with a *serape*, nevertheless; perhaps a pair of criminals, brawlers, probably, under the guard of two villains, armed respectively with a drawn sabre and a huge horse-pistol, headed for the calaboose—and all with *serapes*—soiled and stained, but *serapes* for all that.

In the little square below, and in one or two of the streets that lead away from it, there are more of petty shops and booths, such as one sees on the way from the quay. In this region more people are to be found than elsewhere in the middle of the day, though besides the dusky shopkeepers, and the rough, evil-looking country-folk, with their baskets and hampers of vegetables and fruits, they are still few and far between.

One stops to make many little purchases at the curious stalls, buying grass hats for a dollar, grass fans, tassels and all, for ten cents, a very good hammock for half a dollar, and all sorts of sweet and novel-tasting fruit for a song.

But all these small markets share with the rest of the town a look of having belonged to some useful past. Everything seems to be on its last legs. All the traders appear to be selling out their stock preparatory to a final settling up, and those that are sitting down appear to be taking a rest prior to a final moving off. There is not a spark of real life and energy anywhere to be seen, except at the water-side among the graceful boats; the place reminds one of a gray bit of old honeycomb, where plenty of vigor and energy once has been, but where nothing but old moulds and shapes, together with the small insects that inhabit them, now is.

There is one picturesque street, up which if one climbs he comes to an old tower, the remnant of a convent whose walls have long since fallen at the hands of a religious mob. It is covered with mould and grasses, and it leans a little over the rock on which it stands. Here, as everywhere else in the town, unhappy reflections follow the footsteps. The paralyzing effects of the church-laws are everywhere visible. Spectacles of decay like this one are preserved from translation and alteration, and the strongest spirit must feel the weight of their presence as an incubus. One congratulates himself that

he can get up and go away at will out of sight of such unthrift and waste, and even while valuing all the beautifying effects of age to the very utmost he can reprehend the negligence which entails upon a community unrespected ruin. From the little eminence where the tower stands, one sees, close by toward the water-side, and upon an eminence of its own, a plain, white, towerless structure, which was the scene of that religious riot that occurred a year ago, and made the city infamous.

A sect of Protestants had arisen in the heart of the ultra-Catholic community, and had secured this building to hold their services in. They were led by an American minister, who, though filled with ardor, was discreet, knowing well that the dangers he ran in the midst of so rabid a people were great and many.

It was not long before the priests, finding that the influence of the new religionists was increasing at a rapid rate, began to excite the populace in the usual manner, and succeeded finally in arousing the dangerous spirit that was necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The Protestants, in spite of threats and warnings, adhered to their simple, unobtrusive course, and finally brought down upon themselves a storm that swept them as an organization out of existence. A mob attacked them in their place of worship, beat in the doors, and, in its animal-like frenzy, killed six of the inmates, stabbing them with knives, and afterward treating the bodies with every horrible indignity. The officiating minister fell with the other victims. The unfortunate man was not the incumbent, however, but a substitute whom the other had employed to fill his place in an absence which had been made necessary, it is said, by his failing health.

On account of the Americans who suffered in the riot, the United States Government became a claimant for satisfaction, but up to this time it has not succeeded in obtaining it! Neither have any of the perpetrators of the outrage been brought to any sort of bar, military, civil, or religious, and the success of the act will doubtless bear its legitimate fruit. Being instructed in all this, one approaches this tragic edifice with feelings of mingled awe and indignation. The way to its main door is up the picturesque street and over a jagged pavement of earth and flagstones.

The entrance being closed and locked, we looked about for some one who could tell us where to find the key.

Four or five children in rags had followed us. In answer to our inquiries they pointed to a building over the way—to the post-office. "It is kept there by the postmaster." One or two passers-by looked at us with evil eyes, and a few loungers who sat in a doorway laughed among themselves in a fashion that would have maddened a party of angels. Everybody showed antagonism to us. It clearly was not agreeable to the community that the church should be visited by strangers—especially by Americans. The postmaster or his deputy refused to give us the key. It was not customary.

We insisted as strongly as was politic, and he then agreed that upon a representation by our consul that we were responsible folk, he would grant us the favor desired.

A messenger was sent, and he soon returned with the required certificate, and we then penetrated the doubly-sanctified sanctuary.

It is a bare, bald hall, eighty by twenty, by thirty possibly, and its atmosphere was damp and chilling. It is wholly without fittings. Its walls and ceilings are entirely bereft of their belongings, if indeed they ever had any. In one corner lies a heap of a dozen wooden benches. These benches are all split and broken, a condition that is eloquent of its tragic history.

At one end of the hall is a slightly elevated platform, but no pulpit or reading-desk. At one corner of this platform, where it joins the floor, there is a huge brown stain as large as the seat of a chair. The wall adjoining is also stained. It was here that some one of the unfortunates struggled and fell.

The wall opposite the door is starred with a large bullet-mark, and the doors show signs of old blows and recent repairs.

It was like a walk back into history three hundred years old (if one might do that) to go into that gloomy pen, and to remember what brought about the horror. While hearing the dread story recounted by one who knew it well, the uncovered listeners exchanged looks that bespoke almost an unbelief that this was a tale of to-day. It sounded like a legend of the fifteenth century, whose more shameful parts might be but the distortions of partisans.

It was true enough, though, every syllable of it, and, as we quitted the lonely and dimly-lighted precincts, and, going out into the burning street, caught sight once more of the jeering faces opposite, there was not one of us who would not have welcomed the right to put in a volley on the spot by way of adjustment. For the sake of seeing how it would take, several of us asked questions, at the various booths, respecting the riot, but not an answer did we get, save an angry glance or an impatient shake of the head. We were looked upon with dislike from every corner, and the wits amused their companions at our expense, their loud laughs sounding along the walled streets behind us, until we turned the corner and were well out of hearing.

The house of the American consul is perhaps a fair example of the best in town. One crosses a stone portico leading from the white street, and is admitted through swinging lattice-doors to an apartment which is part parlor and part office. It is screened with a ceiling of cloth from the heat of the tiled roof, and its floor is wooden, partly covered with thin rugs. In the rear is an open courtyard, about which the building stands, always one story high, and always yawning wide for air. The courtyard is full of flowers, and numberless blossoming vines reach up the pillars, and run along the edges of the tiling. The dining-room and the chambers all open toward the centre, and all the apartments are kept severely in the shade. Appliances

for cooling and soothing the overheated human are on every hand—chairs of cane seat, fans of immense size and very small children to wield them, novel jugs of porous earthenware filled with water, a fountain, a pool, divers consoling beverages made of the juices of half-ripe fruits, and so on—but yet heat is the master, and subdues all things in the end, no matter how ingenious the defense.

Above Acapulco, the sea and the land are yet charming. Languor still weighs down the listless passenger, and the same dreamy forgetfulness, except as to the regular hours for meals, makes life idyllic.

A day or two later the steamer dropped in at Manzanillo, and at such an unreasonable hour that the quartermaster fired a gun to awake the slumbering officials with whom the ship had dealings.

The town consists of a line of some thirty huts, together with a few whitish buildings of a little more importance. Behind the settlement five or six small wooded hills arise, and through a defile there is a yellowish road heading inland to a mining district, for which this is the port. The harbor is almost land-locked, and at that time it was entirely calm. The sunlight had not yet dissipated the cool damps of the morning, although it was shining brightly, and the air was surprisingly clear. Upon the white beach a low surf washed in with a murmur that just made itself heard on board the ship, and a few canoes drawn upon the white sands looked like huge animals still buried in sleep, like all the rest.

Somewhat later a strident little bell rang out for early mass, sending its impatient call away up into the hills, and so rapidly that ten thousand other bells seemed to awake at once, and to answer back. After dinning for a moment very fiercely, it ceased, and a calmness thrice deeper than the previous one settled down over all the beautiful bay and the radiant hills like the pause of sudden death. A moment after the bell began to toll slowly and deliberately, and forth from the cabins there came a few people, attired in all the colors of the rainbow, who wended their ways to the church, somewhere in the southern part of the town. After a few more appeals, this bell gave up the struggle, and, as one might almost detect, with a certain petulance in its final clash; and it thenceforth held its peace.

A few—a very few—boats came off with fruit, and even this was too old or too green to purchase. Two or three villainous-looking men came on board for passage to San Francisco, and in the same boat there were a number of boxes of gold and silver, brought from the interior.

An hour was sufficient to transact all the business necessary, and the boat turned her back upon the pretty little place before breakfast, and left the people to their devotions.

A short distance to the north of the place is the dread spot where the Golden Gate was stranded, and her bleached remains, a gaunt skeleton, are still to be seen from the decks of passing ships. There was a peculiar terror about that wreck that has made it noticeable above all others. The ship, all aflame, was run as far in-shore as possible, there yet

remaining several hundred feet to go when she struck. The passengers, driven by the heat, flung themselves into the sea score after score. But they also threw themselves into the jaws of hosts of man-eating sharks, who turned the whole sea red with their infernal feast. Those who escaped clasp their hands over their eyes to this day when the recital of the story brings them to this point of it. The mad leaps of the savage fish amid those shrieking and palsied swimmers (and there were more yet to come) are set down as the one supreme scene of terror that mortal has ever beheld.

It is impossible not to refer once more to the great beauty of this mountainous seacoast. While near it the lips are never weary of exclaiming afresh, nor the eyes of dwelling upon its ever-changing shapes and colors.

Opposite the place where we then sailed the shores were low and green—not fertile, by any means, nor were there any traces of cultivation. Farther off the land arose and was barren, woefully barren. And farther still there were lofty mountains, backed by a dark and threatening sky, for the weather was changing again. But upon these high-peaked hills, with their sides of delicate and undying verdure, there fell a warming sunlight, and this gold-green was fairly luminous. Its glow was joyous, radiant; and yet it yielded to the beholder a sense of absolute rest. One gazed at it with warm pleasure, and yet a sigh waited on the gladness. It was one of those rare gleams at which one looks with thirsting eagerness lest it depart too soon and disappoint the swelling heart. For one entire day the scene was much like this, and even those who were rarely touched by spectacles in Nature gazed in wondering silence, and for the time yielded a little of their hardness.

Off Mazatlan the wind freshened, and, as the harbor is a bad one to be caught in, the ship lay-to at the mouth of the port, under the lee of an enormous rocky mountain in the water. The city seen at that distance appeared fine and modern. Church-steeple, broad building fronts, and columns of smoke, betrayed a place well worth seeing; but the gods spoke otherwise, and set the sea in a turmoil that affected most of the passengers, for the first time since Hatteras, in a most unseemly manner.

The steamer tarried long enough to receive three or four officers and as many passengers. Then she turned about and sallied out from behind the rock into the teeth of the wind. From that point forward the journey abandoned its good character and assumed a wretched one. The ship crossed the gulf of California during the succeeding twenty hours, and late on the afternoon of the next day passed Cape St. Lucas, and thence almost immediately into a region of fogs and chilling winds. The coast grew to be solemn and awful, losing entirely the beauties that marked the same line lower down, and, while at times it seemed picturesque, that quality was always startling and forlorn.

Huge rocks stand out from the main mass, so that the water plays and leaps about them, rushing smoothly into their echo-

ing caverns, and then pouring back after the retreating waves with hollow bellowings that echo up and down and fill the listener with awe. Fogs gather about their summits and sweep down obliterating all, only to rise again a moment later to show the seamed and toppling castles in all their gray austerity. Miles upon miles and leagues upon leagues of granite, burned and calcined in the world's early fires, stretch in and out of these numberless bays and inlets, their whitened, crumbling walls seeming ready to fall and bury themselves in the devouring water. One fancies that he beholds a land cursed and abandoned. There is comfort nowhere—no sign of the blue sky, no glimpse of verdant hills, no joyous songs from the birds—nothing but the immovable cliffs, the mist, and the sea.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. HOLT'S ADVICE.

WHEN we lose one very dear to us, by death, the agony culminates at once; there is nothing more dreadful to be felt than it; it will break out again and again with intense severity, but always with a less violence than in the black hour of bereavement, and a day comes, sooner or later, when our friends—the best of whom do not know us half so well as we know ourselves—remark to one another, "He has got over it." The effect of a great stroke of ill-luck—of a very heavy pecuniary misfortune, for example—is generally quite different. The blow prostrates us for the moment, but almost directly afterward vitality asserts itself; we are revived by a host of hopes, each insignificant in itself, and which, since they cannot coalesce, have really no practical value; but they inspire courage. A drowning man is said to catch at a straw, and ten thousand straws floating about him would doubtless proportionably excite his hope, though they would be of no more help than one, unless they could be formed into a straw *rick*. And thus it was with John Dalton when he woke—for "merciful Nature" had given him nearly an hour's forgetfulness—to find himself, for the first time, a ruined man. We say "for the first time," because many respectable persons are ruined many times, and to them the picture I have painted of this man's wretchedness will doubtless have appeared too highly colored. Nay, they will assert, "Not even at first did we give way in such a miserable manner." Very likely, my friends. Are you quite sure that you really lost anything? Had you anything of your own to begin with? And did you not go into that particular line of business which proved so unfortunate with this catastrophe already more or less before your eyes? Now, John Dalton could scarcely have been more astonished at what had befallen him had he

suddenly found himself changed into a bird or a beast.

He had left his own line in life, and entered into "commercial enterprise," it is true, with no higher aim than his own butler, who would doubtless now take a public-house with the money saved in his own service, namely, "to better himself;" but he had had no idea of risking his all upon the result; and the shock—now he found that he had lost his all—was by consequence the greater. Still, as we have said, the clouds seemed to lift a little that morning; he was able to put in a cheerful appearance at the breakfast-table; nor throughout that day, except that he at times appeared preoccupied, could you have guessed the load of care he bore upon his shoulders. The *Pall Mall* confirmed the news of the previous morning, however: another commercial collapse, though, fortunately, it was understood to affect only a limited circle, had taken place in the case of the *Lara* mine: it had been egregiously puffed, but had now gone the way of most mines; the expert sent out by the committee of English shareholders had "cabled" news that the speculation was next door to worthless; that the proceeds of the mine would not even pay for its working. The shares, which, but the other day, had been at a high premium, were now unquotable. The fifteen thousand pounds which Dalton had invested in it, and which represented about half the value of the English shares, were irrevocably gone.

Convinced of this, he did not lose a post in privately communicating with such friends as he thought might have the power to serve him. He was frank with them, and yet concise: "I have lost all my money, and urgently require some employment—the more lucrative the better," was the burden of each note. After dispatching them, he felt relieved, as a man will do who has done his best to help himself.

"From so large a principal of goodwill," thought he, "I shall surely get a sufficient return of interest for my needs." Nor did he in this calculation over-estimate his popularity; almost everybody liked John Dalton, and would have done him a good turn if they could.

At dinner he was exceedingly amusing, and excited Mrs. Campden's indignation by a spirited defense of the Indian system of suttee. The chief objection to death, in the case of comparatively young persons, he argued, was that no dear ones have preceded them into the dark and silent land; whereas the old may flatter themselves with the idea of rejoining their kinsfolk and acquaintances. Thus, although it might be a little selfish in his highness, nothing was more natural than that an Indian prince, finding himself on the point of departure from this world, should require his favorite wives and servants to accompany him upon his journey to the other, where it was only too probable that he would not find persons to understand his little ways, and make him comfortable.

"I call it most abominably wicked," said Mrs. Campden.

"Doubtless it is, my dear madam; I only said it was natural, which, indeed, corrob-

rates the view of the Church of England upon original sin."

Mrs. Campden did not quite understand this logic, but she had a strong suspicion that her guest was joking—a thing which in itself she detested—and, what was worse, that he was joking at her own expense. She showed considerable annoyance; nor could Mrs. Dalton avoid casting a reproachful glance at her husband. "Is this a time," it seemed to say, "to give offense to friends, when it is so necessary to rally them round us?" But the fact was that it was the very consciousness of that necessity which tempted Dalton to show his independence, by carrying to some extremity that guerrilla warfare which had always existed between his hostess and himself.

Mrs. Campden had her revenge, if she had only known it; for she was very loquacious about certain plans for the future, in which Mrs. Dalton and her daughters had their share, with respect to her next visit to London. Mary, as had been arranged, was to stay with the girls in Cardigan Place for some weeks, during which all sorts of gayeties were to be enjoyed; and then Mr. and Mrs. Campden were themselves to come up to town, and exchange their present position as host and hostess for that of guests. In all these projects the wherewithal was, of course, taken for granted and as a matter of course; and it cut Dalton to the heart to hear the eagerness with which his daughters entered into them. In a few weeks' time, as he bitterly reflected, there would be no home, even for themselves, far less to offer to others.

His position during this unhappy day was, however, a less painful one than that of his wife; for she could not escape without attracting notice from the society of those dear ones whose unconscious gayety inflicted upon her a thousand stabs, while her husband could seek solitude or the companionship of those comparatively indifferent to him, under pretense of transacting business. Indeed, he found some relief from his pressing anxieties in conversation with Holt himself, notwithstanding the unfavorable light in which he had begun to regard him. The man had a clear head for affairs, and was able to place his position and obligations before him with a greater definiteness than lay in his own power.

It is something to know where you are, however uncomfortable may be your predicament, and with this information Dalton was by this means supplied. If he was "sold up to-morrow," there would be three thousand pounds left for the support of his wife and family—a sum which had hitherto about represented his annual income.

"So you can live a whole year, my good fellow, as you have been accustomed to do," said Holt, cheerfully; "and, in the mean time, the deuce is in it if, with such influential friends as you possess, some post is not offered you."

There were three things in this speech that annoyed Dalton excessively.

In the first place, he did not like the familiarity of it; the phrase "my good fellow" had not often been in Holt's mouth,

even if he had ever before used it; it seemed to him that the man was taking liberties with him because of his downfall. Secondly, he thought he detected a sneer in the tone in which his "influential friends" were mentioned. It had been the object of Holt's ambition to be introduced to these friends, but their acquaintance could scarcely have been satisfactory to him, and it seemed probable that he meant to imply that they were broken reeds to lean upon, taking it for granted that they would be no more sympathetic with Dalton than they had been to himself. Thirdly, and most of all, he was irritated at the man's supposing he could be so madly selfish as to continue the same course of life, under his changed circumstances, as he had hitherto done. Nevertheless, he restrained his passion.

"You must take me for a very phlegmatic fellow, Holt—not to say a knave and a fool—to suppose I could *enjoy* such a year of prosperity as you suggest."

"Indeed, I meant no offense. I have known many a man in a worse pickle than you go on precisely the same way as though he had not lost a shilling; and in the end none but myself and one or two more ever knew that he *had* lost one. With a year to turn about in—"

"Don't talk such sheer nonsense!" interrupted Dalton, impatiently. "Such a phrase may mean something with your city friends, who have always got some scheme or another of enriching themselves at the expense of the public; but, as addressed to me, you must know it is mere moonshine."

"Live on fifteen hundred, then, for double the time. Surely in two years—"

"No!" broke in the other. "I am not likely to act a lie any more, I hope, than to tell one. I shall make no secret to any one after I have left this house of the ruin that has befallen me."

"You will do as you please, Dalton, of course; but I see no reason why you should cry stinking fish. Nobody likes a man the better, or feels more inclined to help him, because he is poor; and then there is your family to be considered."

"Sir!" cried Dalton, sternly, "I beg you will confine your observations to those affairs in which I have asked your advice. My wife and children will be guided by my own judgment in this matter, and by it alone."

Mr. Holt shrugged his shoulders, and threw his hands up (in the style that he believed to be Continental) with an air so peculiarly vulgar that it would have aroused Dalton's disgust under any circumstances; as it was, he felt his contempt for this man fast changing into a consuming hate.

"It is impossible to discuss this question, Dalton, if in every suggestion of mine you are determined to find some ground of quarrel. In my humble opinion, to inform the world of your ruin is to make that ruin certain. Men put water into a pump to make it draw; but if they know there is nothing in the well, they spare their labor. Except in the way of charity, no moneyed man will help you if you begin by acknowledging yourself bankrupt."

"And who told you, sir, that I was going to ask any man for his money?"

The tone and manner of Dalton were so threatening that Holt, who had recommenced his Continental shrug, desisted from it halfway; his shoulders went up, but did not come down again, so that he remained like the famous jumping frog, who could not start by reason of the small shot in his inside.

"I did not mean that you were going to beg, of course; but money or credit may certainly be very necessary for you, and that at once, supposing there is bad news from Brazil."

"Bad news from Brazil! Do you mean as respects the *Lara*? Why, we have had such bad news already that I don't see how it can be worse. I take it for granted that the shares must be paid up in full, and are worthless, and that all my fifteen thousand pounds are gone."

"That is certain. But is it possible you have forgotten the fact that the liability is unlimited?"

The conversation we have been describing took place in the library at Riverside—a magnificent room, so contrived that to those within it there appeared no door at all, all the walls being lined from floor to ceiling with splendidly-bound books. These gorgeous volumes, all gilt and color, as well as the three large windows on which the afternoon sun was shining, now began to revolve before the unhappy Dalton's eyes; the world spun round with him, and that so fast that it seemed he had no breath to reply to his companion's words.

"You *did* know that they were unlimited, of course?" continued the other, after a long pause.

"I did; but you told me—you yourself—that they were only nominally so; that the operations of the mine were on a comparatively small scale, and that we should never be required to pay up the shares in full, much less to become liable for more."

"I dare say I did, my good fellow; but then I was deceived, like yourself. How could I know that the speculation would turn out to be so disastrous?"

"You mean that you did not know it was a swindle?"

"Well, a swindle is a harsh term."

"It is the name, you have read, which the expert sent out by the committee has given to the whole concern; he says there is no gold worth speaking of, and that an attempt was made to 'salt' the mine, in order to deceive him. In my opinion, to call men rogues who are capable of such a plot as that is to pay them a compliment. They are unmitigated cheats and scoundrels, who deserve to be laid by their heels in jail, and would be likely to contaminate those they found there."

"My good friend, one must take matters as one finds them. If I could have foreseen that the promoters of the enterprise were such as you describe, you may be sure I should not have invested my own money in it even for a day. It is no use crying over spilt milk; let us look at the matter like practical men. It is quite possible that the paid-up shares may cover all expenses; but, on the other hand, they may not; in which case it will be necessary that your friends should stand by you. I beg, my dear Dal-

ton, that you will consider me as one of them, and certainly not the least interested in your welfare. I will myself be responsible for any liability you may incur in the *Lara*, over and above the amount of the shares. If you doubt the genuineness of my offer, let me put it on paper."

"You are very good, I am sure," returned Dalton, keeping his eyes fixed upon the carpet, and speaking as if every word was dragged from him by force. "Your word is quite a sufficient guarantee of your wish to serve me."

Whatever happened, he was resolutely determined that he would never lay himself under an obligation to this man.

"Good? Not at all, my dear fellow," replied the other, cheerfully; "it is in such circumstances as the present that a friend should show himself friendly. There is many a one who will lend you money, I don't doubt; but come to me first, I beg of you. As to security, be sure I shall never look for it; and, as to interest, I hope I may be allowed to say that another sort of interest which I feel in the well-being of you and yours will more than repay me for either risk or loss."

"You are very good," repeated Dalton, mechanically.

It was not a hearty acknowledgment, far less an eager acceptance, of his offer; but Holt seemed well content with it. Perhaps he felt that it was something that he had been allowed to say "you and yours" without awakening the passionate resentment that he had aroused the previous night. If the gain was a small one, it had, at least, been made in a short time.

"We shall not know about this precious mine, I suppose, for certain, until next mail?" inquired Dalton, after a pause.

"Nor even then, perhaps, as to the liability. They are sure of you, you see, confound them! or think themselves so; though, in such a case, considering how you have been imposed upon, there would be ample justification for your washing your hands of the whole matter. I know many a man that would do so, nor would the world blame him."

"I don't understand you. How could I wash my hands of it?"

"Well, of course, it's a matter of feeling; I am not recommending you, mind, to take any steps of the kind; but it would only be acting in self-defense if you were to say: 'I have paid enough, and more than enough, for what was always worthless, and I will pay no more.' You might realize what you could, and take yourself 'out of the jurisdiction of the court,' as the phrase is—to Sweden, for example."

"What! and leave the rest of the shareholders to bear the brunt of it?"

"That, of course, sounds like injustice; but the question is, who *are* the other shareholders? There is not one of them who has lost fifteen thousand, or five thousand, I will answer for it, besides yourself. Perhaps you are the only solvent man—I don't know, mind, but it is as likely as not—of the whole lot. If you were out of the way, it might not be worth their while to have a shot at anybody else."

"Then you think I should abscond to Sweden with my wife and family?"

"I confess I think small blame would be imputed to you if you withdrew yourself till matters were settled either to that country or elsewhere; but, as for your taking Mrs. Dalton and the young ladies, that seems to me quite out of the question."

"It is not more out of the question than that I should go myself, Holt," answered Dalton, coldly. "Pray understand that I am not yet a scoundrel, although I find myself connected with schemers such as started the *Larus*; it will save you a great deal of pains in making any future suggestions if you keep that in mind."

As he said this, Dalton rose from his chair, and, pushing open the "dummy"-door formed of the backs of books, walked out of the room, leaving his companion to his meditations.

Mr. Richard Holt, however, was not a man to easily take offense (unless it was to his advantage, as it sometimes was, to do so); he doubtless made allowance for the soreness of one in whom the sense of ruin was so recent; and, when he met his friend an hour or so afterward in the drawing-room, it was with his usual air and manner. Dalton, on his part, also soon recovered himself; he could not but reflect that he had heard Holt give utterance to the like lax opinions and advice with respect to others, and had not rebuked him; so that it was not surprising he should have suggested such a course in his own case without apprehension of giving offense. In spite of his dislike of the man, his company for the present was almost necessary to him; he was the only person—save his wife, who did not understand them—to whom he would speak unreservedly respecting his affairs.

Holt might be useful to him yet; he had a keen, practical mind, and, if his advice had been at one time fatal to him, it could be no longer harmful, since he had nothing to lose. So much of assistance, it seemed to him, he had a right to claim. But as to accepting from him any such help as had been suggested, that was not to be thought of. He had never been indebted to him for any favor—his instincts had warned him against that from the first; and now least of all, in his wretchedness and ruin, did he feel inclined to accept assistance at his hands.

ORESTES AND I.

THE FEMININE TONGUE—ENTHUSIASM—POLITENESS—POETRY—BEAUTY.

"WHAT do women talk about at ladies' luncheons and other feminine fashionable conventions?" said Orestes.

"Well, Dickens says, you know, that, when women are alone together, they assault the common enemy, man."

"Yes, I know what Dickens says; but I want further advices. I see a growing tendency on the part of women for exclusive entertainments—a sort of effort toward the festival of the Bona Dea in ancient Rome, celebrated with religious rites, where it was

death to a man to enter. These luncheons, magnificent, I am told, in the stately procession of viands (which none of you have any appetite for), libations of choice wines (which you cannot drink), and each lady dressed like the Queen of Sheba; flowers, fruits, and coffee—"

"Don't forget the cup of tea."

"No; *that*, I presume, is, after all, like catnip to a cat—the only thing you *really* relish—these entertainments, I hear, are very fashionable and eagerly sought for, and very popular with old and young. Now, why? What do you talk about?"

"Do you think I am going to reveal the secrets of these religiously-guarded entertainments to the heavy, crass intellect of man? Do you suppose that delightful aroma of concentrated feminine wit is to be allowed to escape? Heaven forbid! I can assure you there is much delightful talk among women of the problems of society, the mysteries of dress, the charms of music, and the other fine arts, and occasionally a little discussion as to engagements, and social struggles, and the politics of the gay world. It is a great mistake to suppose that women do not like to talk to each other."

"Tear a character or two to pieces, occasionally, for a relish—don't you?" said Orestes, savagely.

"No; I do not think we do. I have not heard character much discussed at ladies' luncheons. There is too much gossip in society—little, and mean, and poor gossip; but it does not prevail at ladies' luncheons any more than at the fashionable dinner-party or at the clubs."

"Now you are carrying the war into Africa."

"Where it rages, I am sure."

"Yes, and I will tell you *where* the war rages against character—at the summer watering-place hotel. At every breath a reputation dies. Who do the gossiping there—men or women?"

"Both, Orestes. The men are as idle as the women, and as anxious for something to talk about. The proceedings of Miss Mushroom, and the flirtations of Captain Black with Mrs. White, command all the vacuous intellects of the piazza."

"Yes, 'something to talk about,' there you have it. It is the want of the present age—a half-education, a want of noble motives, the decay of enthusiasm."

"Orestes, do you know I believe you for once have said a good thing? 'The decay of enthusiasm!' I believe that *that* is why modern conversation is so dull."

"Have I said a good thing? Well, it is a long time since I had to say that of you! Do go on, and see if you cannot emulate me!"

"I preach from your text. We need enthusiasm; nothing is so contagious. Somebody says it is 'the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.' Enthusiasts soon understand each other."

"Yes, and as soon quarrel. I prefer this definition of enthusiasm: 'It is the temper of the mind, in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment.'"

"Yet you just spoke of the 'decay of enthusiasm' with regret."

"Of course I did; but you cannot galvanize a well-regulated, sensible enthusiasm, such as I want."

"No; because if we did you cynics would oppose it with your ridicule, ever the only antagonist which can be opposed to it with success. I suppose a balance is needed in the mental world which is not needed in the physical world, for we see constantly a great power stultified and injured by a lesser. Now, enthusiasm is the steam-engine of the mind, and should be allowed to carry it on to great deeds, noble ends; but a little barking dog named Ridicule comes and stops it half-way. We do not allow the steam-engines which carry us from here to San Francisco to be stopped by any barking dogs."

"No; we can manage our servant Steam with stops, and cocks, and breaks, and other physical appliances; but our master Enthusiasm is like the genius in the bottle—if once he gets out, we cannot put him in again. Look at the terrible results of a crazed religious enthusiasm—how many lives it has wrecked, and how many evil deeds have been done in its name, from the Inquisition and the Salem witchcraft down to our own day!"

"Yes; but where you can quote one or two evil effects of enthusiasm you can quote a hundred of its nobler, better inspiration. It seems to me that all the commanding movements in the annals of the world are the triumphs of enthusiasm."

"Now you are quoting Emerson. Whenever you do say a good thing, I notice it comes from him."

"*Eh bien!* it shows a certain genius to be able to quote well. But we were talking of the decay of conversation, and you suggested what I thought one very good reason for it, and then you went back on yourself, as you always do, and fought me off on the subject of enthusiasm—now, what do you say is the reason why talk is dull, frivolous, and poor?"

"I began by saying a 'half-education,' which is partly the reason; then the great decay of politeness; nobody listens nowadays, nobody has time, unless it be to those very unusually-gifted people who can be eloquent without *orating*, or witty without hurting anybody's feelings, or vivacious without being loquacious. We all know a few such people—but oh, so very few!"

"The days of eloquent monologue are past and gone, praised be the gods! I do not believe modern society could stand Macaulay, or even Sydney Smith. Do you, Orestes?"

"No, perhaps not; but they could stand a great deal more than they get. I think, in throwing away the show and ceremony with which conversation used to be encumbered, we have also thrown away very much that was valuable about it. A great deal of real gold has escaped with the dross, just as in getting rid of the manners and dress of the past we have dropped elegance, taste, and finish, as well as pomp and ceremony and stiffness."

"I think the people who lay silently in ambush for other people's ideas, and seize

them and scamper off with them, are very much to be shunned and dreaded. I know some such predatory Arabs of conversation, who, if you happen to say a good thing, quietly pin it with their own long lance, and flee to the desert of their own imaginations. At the next party you go to, you hear your own dear little ewe-lamb of a witticism served up with their pistachio-nuts."

"I don't know that there is much more dishonesty in that than in your quoting from all the books you have read. We are all thieves in that way. Now, I am about to condescend to a quotation: 'Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together.' Perhaps one reason why conversation is dull is that we are all harping on one string. People go in grooves. There is a curious sameness: look, now, at the parties of New York. Do not people get into groups who have affairs of great interest in common, but none of *conversational* interest, and who hail a recent calamity, or an atmospheric change, or something of a slightly unusual nature, as a precious benediction, a shower upon their arid talking powers? I hear that when women are together the feminine tongue never ceases to wag—that it goes perpetually. Tell me, what do women talk about?"

"My dear Orestes, I have told you that I shall not reveal that dearest of secrets; but I will confess to you that they talk very well. Each mind starts fresh game, which is immediately pursued and taken."

"That is a quotation, I know," said Orestes, *sotto voce*.

"Each witty woman is the cause of wit in others. We throw the ball from one to the other—a sort of intellectual pitch-and-toss. You would be astonished at the riches of our knowledge, the subtlety and force of our reasoning, the exactness and extent of our statistical information, and our judicial fairness."

"Great Juno! I will not listen to such horrible mendacity. I only regret that some one has not invented a Baroness Munchausen."

"Perhaps that is left for you to do, Orestes!"

"No; I bow before *you*, and beg of you to add to your fame by writing your adventures."

"You will admit that the attraction of society does produce some good things, and that the colloquial wit has a good time? Old Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the *Rambler*, says, in his sesquipedalian manner: 'Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is confessed by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure he bestows. He finds his power confessed by every one who approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.' Orestes, just listen to the dear, old-fashioned phraseology! Certainly, the garbs and modes of speaking do vary with the times!"

"They do indeed; but I like it. I wish I could hear any one talk so well now. How long is it since you have seen 'friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise?'"

"I must confess, not for a very long time. The age is an iron one—it has very few raptures. Sometimes I fear our strange and peculiar eruptions of vice in unexpected places, our odd and eccentric developments of human nature, are owing to the fact that we do not allow ourselves the courteous expressions, the stiff and stately compliments of a past age. It is all Tom and Dick and Harry. It is the fashion to have no feeling, to be dull, to be uninterested, and to the nature unfortunately freighted with some feeling it is an insensible age in which to live, I think."

"If you read history attentively, you will find that the age of compliment was not devoid of certain eccentric and odd developments; but I do agree with you that it must have been a more agreeable age to women. They were treated with more outward courtesy than now, but that is your own fault. Women make the manners of a nation; if you determine that men shall treat you with courtesy, they will do so."

"I do not know but they may treat you with respect, but courtesy is a little beyond respect. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good-breeding, are all necessary to the courteous man. He must have learning that he can talk correctly, wit that he can amuse, gallantry or the desire to please, and good-breeding that he may always know *how* to treat a woman, before he can be a courteous gentleman."

"You are modest in your expectations."

"I have sometimes had them realized."

"I am content if the men I meet have intelligence, sagacity and prudence, honesty, and good sense," said Orestes.

"I want them also to have politeness. I like a little of the romantic honor of the cavalier, or the enthusiastic reverence of the red-cross knight. When a woman recognizes that quality under the iron armor of the present utilitarian age she adores it."

"Yes," said Orestes, "it has helped along many a scam, and gained currency to much false coin."

"Very well; marry your strong sense and your cast-steel virtues to good manners, hide your hard hand in a velvet glove. As Wesley said he did not wish the devil to have all the good tunes, so we do not wish the graceful good-for-nothings to have all the fine manners."

"Do women discuss men to each other?"

"Yes, I think they do; they talk much about the men they care little for, very seldom of the men they care for; when a woman can talk freely about a man, you may be sure that her fancy is perhaps touched, but not her heart. Women talk, of course, of the abstract man, of the manners, or the tone, or the personal appearance, or the learning, or the wit, of *men*; but if they are particularly interested in any *one* man, of him they never speak."

"Then it is a sign of a superficial interest in a man to talk much of him?"

"Yes, to other women; I am not sure that women can talk with greater ease of the men they really like to other men."

"Yes; they think they will not be found out—is that the reason?"

"I do not know the secret spring."

"How do you account for the changeableness of women?" said Orestes.

"If you will solve the riddle of the Sphinx, or do any other impossible thing, Orestes, I think I will attempt to answer that question. All people, men and women, are inconstant. It is terrible and terrifying that we cannot to-day tell at all how we shall feel next year. Whatever we are at present, how do we know what we may be?"

"Constancy can be cultivated like any other virtue," said Orestes.

"I do not know that; it seems to me to be a grace, a taste, a gift, rather than a cultivated virtue."

"Oh, you are talking nonsense! that is 'what women talk.' I know now—I need not have asked you. But I suppose there is much sentiment in the conversation of women along with the nonsense; you talk poetry and religion and literature, don't you?"

"Women always talk well on the subject of religion; there is an 'habitual good intention' in the heart of woman, however she may fail of carrying it out; she is interested in religious subjects—an atheistical woman is a monster and seldom met with; therefore, as all her instincts tend toward making her religious, she carries toward that end her best and highest thoughts, and talks from her heart as well as from her brain. Women are great readers of the Bible, which is a well of pure English, of Divine inspiration. By-the-way, the strongest tribute to the English Bible is from the pen of a Roman Catholic who was forbidden to read it; do you remember it?"

"Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness; nay, it is worshiped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose gross fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it, the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its phrases. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy has never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent—but, oh, how intelligible!—voice of his guardian-angel, and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

"I should say," said Orestes, "that the

Catholic convert who wrote that read his Bible on the 'sly.'

"Undoubtedly he had read it much and often before he was forbidden to read it. But this fact remains—great Bible-readers ought to be good talkers."

"I do not believe you talk much about the Bible," said Orestes, savagely; "I rather think you talk more about poetry. Owen Meredith, and Swinburne, and William Morris, I suspect, take up more of your attention than Jeremiah and David."

"You agree with Macaulay that no one can enjoy poetry or be a poet without a certain unsoundness of mind, I fear? So, as you look upon the intellect of woman with contempt, you think we like poetry?"

"Exactly; women always like poetry, and very poor poetry, too."

"Perhaps their finer ear discovers that 'under song of sense which none but the poetic mind can comprehend;' but I must acknowledge to you that I hear very few women talk about poetry now; it is not the fashion."

"But do you not like it yourself?"

"Indeed I do. I can say with Coleridge that 'it has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'"

"There has been no poetry written since Byron," said Orestes.

"Perhaps Orestes was young when he read Byron?"

"Yes; he was younger, that he admits; but I wish to return to our first theme—the feminine tongue: if you do not talk about poetry, perhaps you talk about tastes?"

"Yes; that I will acknowledge. We talk about lace, about china, about flowers, about Lucretia Borgia cabinets, about jewelry, *bric-à-brac*, old furniture, about the latest sensation in the artistic world, Von Bülow, and the musical-glasses."

"You talk about the parsons a good deal, I hear."

"Why should we not? 'Persona ecclesiæ' should be the foremost person in the parish. A man who is trying to save souls is certainly in a noble attitude toward the rest of mankind. Carlyle says, 'A man even professing, and never so languidly, making still some endeavor to save the souls of men, contrast him with a man professing to do little, but shoot the partridges of man—' No wonder that, going once a week to hear the greatest of subjects discussed, we talk of the men who discuss them."

"Now tell me, do you ever discuss politics?"

"Never—almost never! Were we Frenchwomen or Englishwomen, we should do so. Here, where women are, as a rule, more generally educated, more generally intelligent, much more the equals and the companions of men, we do not meet them on the questions of the day, in which both of us are equally interested. It is a very curious, an inexplicable fact."

"Lord Chesterfield, who was a great ob-

server, said of your sex that you 'had but two passions, vanity and love—he who flatters women most pleases them most, and they are most in love with him whom they think is the most in love with them. No adulation is too strong for them, no assiduity too great, no simulation of passion too gross; as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can be possibly construed into a slight or contempt is unpardonable and never forgotten.'"

"Yes; I know Lord Chesterfield had a flattering way of putting things in regard to us, and his remarks have always that grain of truth in them which makes their falsehood dangerous. There is no doubt of the fact that a woman's love of pleasing is at once her strongest and her weakest side. She would be hideous without it, but sometimes it overmasters her sense. In fact, in the nineteenth century, it has led to one absurd and curious involution of the original idea—which would seem to have been the key-note of the century which preceded it—that woman is to be wooed by man, and this has made woman sometimes assume the wooer. By their manners and by their words women have got absolutely (some of them) to prefer being scandalized to not being supposed to be great belles. To be considered by other women to be the attractive, irresistible Cleopatras of the fashionable world, is the furious, insatiable appetite of some women, and, while they would scorn the reality of vice, they absolutely court the reputation of it."

"Yes! My dear Lord Chesterfield was right, then?"

"No! You and Lord Chesterfield both should be put in that salt pickle which we lay cucumbers in to take out the bitterness; perhaps then your cooling qualities might be endured."

"He does say one true thing which you will indorse: 'An undoubted, uncontested beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head—she knows it is her due, and is, therefore, obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding, which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.'"

"Yes; Lord Chesterfield told a partial truth there. Every one of the human race would like to be strengthened in his weakest point; but I think that is not alone a feminine peculiarity. The man of judicial mind likes to be complimented on his power of light, airy talk; the coxcomb is charmed if you praise his depth; the sober and serious like to be congratulated on their wit and vivacity, and the weak and vacillating like to be praised for their indomitable obstinacy—that is a defect of race, not of sex."

"What an example I am getting of the feminine tongue!" said Orestes. "I feel as if I had shaken a tree to get one apple, and had brought down a barrel of Newtown pippins on my poor head. Why should women have this talent of a ready utterance more than men, when they have so much less to say, I wonder?"

"Women talk faster than men, simply as they walk quicker, laugh more easily, cry more

easily. 'They are more gay and joyous than men; their blood is more refined, their fibres are more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile'—so says the most accurate and the most generous observer of the sex, Addison. I send you to the pages of the *Spectator*, Orestes, for the best portraiture of woman."

"I have not found out yet what women talk about, except that one little admission of yours in regard to lace and furniture. You have put me off, with true feminine duplicity, with a number of opinions drawn from your reading, instead of from your observation."

"Words borrowed of antiquity do lend majesty to style," Orestes. "They have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win to themselves a kind of grace-like newness."

"You didn't hear that sentence at the last kettle-drum."

"No, Orestes; one Ben Jonson lent it to me."

"My friend Lord Chesterfield said that he assisted at the birth of that word 'flirtation.' Now I suspect at ladies' luncheons I should hear that word, should I not?"

"It is just possible; the greatest of all subjects engrosses the conversation of women sometimes. Even in its feeblest manifestations, perhaps it gains undue prominence. 'Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.' Then we are told to 'love our neighbors,' you know."

"Yes; but not our neighbors' wives."

"O Orestes! that old, old joke. Do get a new one, I beg, if you must make one at all. The feminine tongue would never have condescended to that ignoble old Joe Miller. I assure you, Orestes, one thing can be claimed for the talk of women: it is generally original, witty, and fresh; if it is not so learned as that of men, it may yet have something in it of that 'happy and productive ignorance' into which Shakespeare's want of erudition is said to have forced him. We have not stolen feathers from the wings of the great masters of human thought. We have 'small Latin and less Greek,' but it remains to be seen if we cannot, perhaps, at least make ourselves moderately agreeable."

"Yes; I can tell you how," said Orestes.

"Well?"

"Listen more."

M. E. W. S.

TREE-ARCHITECTURE.

IN order to see any beauty in bare trees in midwinter, perhaps it is requisite that one should be a lover of trees. But, to such a one, how much there is to be admired in the infinite diversity of trunk and branch, and the arrangement of the lesser boughs and twigs; in the coloring and fashion of the bark; in the general outline—to sum up all, in tree architecture and characteristics! They have their idiosyncrasies; there is personality in them, as much as in human beings.

When the season comes round in which they are shorn of all that fine foliage which draped and decorated them, and nothing remains to set off a beauty or conceal a de-

formity, and they are left absolutely without help, and with no more cheerful background than is afforded by the white fields of snow or a leaden-hued sky, then the simple framework, the individual tree, presents a subject for your study; and, if you love it, you will find in it continual surprise and delight.

There are three white-birches, by the side of a hilly road, which I never pass when their leaves are off without feeling half inclined to make obeisance to them; and many a time have I been drawn by the thought of their loneliness to walk thither for the sole purpose of looking at them. Yet they are not in any sense fine trees. They are irregular and imperfect, and were of so little account that they alone were left when the woodland was laid low, being fit for nothing—not enough of them for fuel even. They belong to the species of lady-birch so well known in the mountain-regions, where they grow on the poorest kind of soil, often quite separated from all other trees, but thus showing their singular delicacy of structure and foliage to the greatest advantage. The slender trunks are pure milky-white, and the small, finely-notched leaves are of the glossiest green, and so daintily fashioned and set on their stems that they flutter, and tremble, and turn, if there is a breath of air stirring. When the leaves are gone, Nature shows you what she can do with the simplest materials, for she has only stems, mere woody fibre, to work with, save as she adds a decorative touch in the soft, slender, tremulous tassels that droop from the tips of the outermost twigs. And thus you have the tree, like a picture in penciling, marvelously delineated, and of exquisite finish, and with such a subtle harmony in the whole that all those pliant, willowy boughs and supple stems seem as if ready to sway with a kind of rhythmic measure.

No greater contrast could be presented to this airy lightness, this tender grace, than you may find in an old apple-orchard not very far away, on another of those winding country-roads. If you would see apple-trees in their actual individuality, you must go elsewhere than to a modern orchard. The cultivators of to-day, looking to profit and thrifty growth, set out in geometrical order their selected trees, then prune and train and lop, till not a branch can grow awry or a trunk swerve from the perpendicular—the result being a beautiful show-orchard, trim and healthy, and insuring profitable crops.

But cultivation is death to the picturesque, and the glory of the old orchards I wot of lies in that direction. An apple-tree, more perhaps than any other, if let alone, is pretty sure to make a rugged sort of picture of itself. The trunk has a natural antipathy to the upright. Except in those well-ordered inclosures above named, where did you ever see one perfectly erect? Aslant and askew, with all forms of irregularity in the knobbed and crooked limbs, which curve like an arm, or bend like a knee, or shape themselves like a seat, or spread off generously, giving ample spaces for stepping from one up to another—in such fashion, in all fashions that are queer, grow those ancient trees on the "side-hills" and back of the farmhouses, where our fore-

fathers set them and left them to shirk for themselves, say a hundred years ago. And the very circumstances under which they were planted, and the neglect which was their inevitable lot, had a share in the agencies which made them what they are—rugged, and each an original by itself. They stood up bravely and defied the wind, or they bent before it; and, as the twig endured hardness or succumbed to fate, the tree shows.

No two are alike: they are of infinite variety, just as is the case with the fruit, which may, as to its way of growth, swing from a solitary stem like a cherry, cling closely to the branch, or be in clusters; it may be in shape like a pear, with its stem at the base, oval or round or one-sided, in form of plum or peach, and of almost every color—mottled, speckled, streaked, with a wavy blush, or a dusky shadow; and of flavors, in the wild apple, as unique as the tree itself, for the native fruit, grown from seeds left in the pumice after the cider-pressing, though it may be crabbed and puckery, sharp, sour, or positively bitter, has a pronounced flavor peculiar to itself, something crisp and spicy, which suggests strawberry or pineapple, coconut, pear, or peach.

The apple-tree is subject to no law, and seems to have no purpose but simply to live. The vitality of those old landmarks is immense; they have become twisted and contorted under the malign influences of a century, but they die hard. They are generous in their proportions, or angular, as the case may be, one-sided or low-statured, but always adapted to the picturesque, and never better fulfilling that perhaps unprofitable but pleasing end of their being than in winter. Seen on the waste of snow, they show their quaint outlines in all their severity: gnarled bole and twisted bough unadorned except by the bosses of green lichens along the bark, save on those occasional high-festival mornings, after a night of softly-falling snow, when the branches have caught the feathery flakes and seem to have flowered out into a foam of bloom.

Probably no other of our trees presents such a sturdiness in its attributes except the oaks, which, on their incomparably more majestic and enduring scale, show in furrowed trunk, and gigantic, strong branches, and the gnarled, half-bared roots at the base anchored to the soil, the same rude features to enter into the picturesque in a landscape. You get the dignity, perhaps, without the vigor, in the maple. As a rule, the latter has more an air of culture. The very bark has a fine finish about it; and the limbs do not allow in themselves other than symmetrical development. Angularity and originality are not in consonance with its habits. It spreads itself in a leisurely way till it becomes a well-rounded tree; or, with solely upward aspirations, moves steadily in *that* direction; but in either case is consistent, growing after a plan. All these characteristics are manifest when the foliage is gone—leaves hide so much. This maple in front of the window was, six months ago, a great undefined mass of green leafiness, so dense that not a chink was left, and not a hint of stem was visible; it might, for any appearance of framework,

have been a leafy bower supported at the top of a strong, stiff trunk; but now, between my eyes and the pale, ashen sky, are innumerable branches, in divisions and subdivisions that cannot be counted, and firm but fine lines diverging from them, and making up the complex structure. It is, in truth, the skeleton, the bone and muscle and fibre only, but not necessarily unsightly; on the contrary, having a dignity and attractiveness in this state which shows the tree in a new character to our eyes.

And so on through all the deciduous trees, whether merely for ornament in our yards and along our streets, or growing in solitary places, in tangled swamps, in forest-thickets, on mountain-sides, or bounding our horizon with a fine fringe of purplish stems defined, like engraving, against the cold grayness of the sky.

They are sharply distinct, each after its kind, erect or drooping, stiff or pliant, rounded, or pyramidal, or cone-like; and each with its separate color, and structure of bark, and texture of grain. And here the diversity is as great as in the way of growth; and this, too, is most manifest to us when there are no longer the screen and the bewilderment of green. In speaking of trees, one would leave out a very important element in their pictorial possibilities if he omitted to mention the bark. To be sure, this brings him into the inspection of one of Nature's humblest departments, the homelier specimens of her handiwork; but, even here, how painstaking has she been, with what fidelity has she wrought, in the manifold forms and in the beauty of the decorations how does she surprise and please us! And, as if to set one another off, trees the most unlike grow side by side in one common forest-home. On the outskirts of this wood, just where it begins to slope toward a swamp, is a beech—it might be a thousand years old, from its hoary look. Something in the bark, more than anything else about it, gives it that aged and eldritch appearance. It must have started with a smooth covering of ashy gray, for that sad hue is still the prevailing one, but it is marked with white scars, it is wrinkled and seamed and ridged, there are knots in it as hard as iron, and a dreary, inexorable kind of firmness seems to characterize it, quite in analogy with the close grain of the wood; and it would seem to be a solemn object if it were not that, in the fissures, bits of golden-green moss have secured a hold, and the tiny tips decorate it with their morsel of verdure as soft as velvet, and as bright as grass in spring.

The same woodland presents, among its many kinds, a shining black-birch or two, with stems that are of a warm, red bronze, marked with broken bars of white, the fibre of the thin bark as fine as silk and fragrant as spice; and all about the borders, like white columns, are the stately shafts of the "canoe-birch," whose ruffled, white outer tissue, curling back, shows the next one rosy, or buff, or salmon-color, in groundwork streaked with dashes of a deeper shade. The poplars, in a uniform pale bluish-green, have stains of the same dull hue, and corded lines surrounding them, as if there was a ligature

about the trunk at intervals, and the bark had outlived the place in growing over it. The white ashes are furrowed from top to bottom, and seem to hint in the structure of their covering at the tenacity of the woody fibre within; the black or brown ash has a still more cracked and deeply-ridged exterior, but is of more lively hue; and brown and green mosses lend a touch of rich coloring to it.

Here, again, is something curious about the ways of trees. On certain species, mosses and lichens very rarely grow. The canoe-birch, whose paper-like bark peels off into thin layers, affords no opportunity for these parasites to gain root-hold—the dry surface offers nothing to cling to. And yet the yellow-birch, whose outer skin is smooth as glass, receives an added beauty from the presence of one of the most elegant of all the mosses, which selects this special tree round which to spread its flounce of mottled green. The tree itself is noticeable in the dimness of a swamp for the pale gold of its great boles—a kind of dead gliding that gives warmth of tone to the dusky place; and all along up this lustrous surface, nourished by the moisture, and evidently taking a hue from bark and sap, appear these ruffings and flutings of dainty fabric and device, and of richness in their convolutions and curves, in their tints and veins, unsurpassed by any of the moss, or lichen, or liverwort tribe.

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

SOME REVOLUTIONARY LOVE-LETTERS.

ALL love-letters are revolutionary from their very inception; therefore this title may be read as a generic or a specific one. Arsène Houssaye says that some one objected to his title "Philosophers and Actresses," as too narrow in its scope, until he explained that in his view all men are philosophers—all women are actresses. So, as *all* love-letters are revolutionary, it is necessary to explain that these beautiful ones, which we are so happy as to have saved from the tooth of Time, are genuine relics of our Revolutionary War, in which their writer played a most distinguished rôle. Our readers must recall the name of a youthful officer who was Washington's favorite; who bore a name among the most honored in the land; whose brilliant qualities as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a writer, the world acknowledges; and whose tragic fate is still bitterly deplored.

The love-letters of this youthful genius are as tender as Goethe, as delicate as Keats, as sensible as Franklin himself. It is a thousand pities that those of the lady were not saved too; as sweet and devoted, no doubt, as those of Héloïse to Abélard were those to which the young soldier alludes, with all a lover's anxiety and enthusiasm and jealousy, fearing that some were lost, that others had been tampered with. Oh! delightful reticence of love, which can bear no curious glances, no intrusion on its holiest of secrets; not reflecting, the dear lovers, that nobody wants

to read their raptures until they are at least a hundred years old, for, interesting as love must always be to the two vitally concerned, it is generally a great bore to everybody else. Thackeray says, in his inimitable way, that he has been a great reader of "love-letters, professionally, of course, and that he knows of none prettier than those of Swift to Vanessa, especially one beginning 'Come here, little letter.'"

This testimony is valuable from the great humorist, especially as it indicates the fact that the sternest and strongest men, those most employed in affairs, are the best writers of love-letters. Our young soldier, leading the hardest life, that of a revolutionary officer, breaks away from all his surroundings and talks to his love. He worships her, and he worships duty; he begs of her to strengthen his patriotism instead of weakening it, and he hopes she will be a Roman wife to him. Poor fellow! he needed her help, and he received it. It is pleasant to know that these two lovers married, and that she was not called on to make the sacrifices that he so generously feared; that they loved each other always, and that she was indeed a Roman wife to him. Sorrows of many kinds came to them, for they were human, but the love which brought them together did not fail them.

It is just a hundred years ago since one of these letters was written. The paper is yellow and faded and coarse, but the ink is still bright, as the sentiments it conveys. The old-fashioned phraseology, borrowed from the *Spectator*; the high-stepping courtesy of expression, recalling the days of hoops, brocades, and ceremony—all is very sweet and characteristic. Nothing is more noticeable than their delicacy; the lover's ardor is repressed, and is like the glow behind the cloud. Men approached women in a more deferential manner than now; whether they loved or honored or respected them more may be a question, but the outward semblance of respect was much more apparent. Whose fault is it that this most desirable fashion has gone out of fashion?

The allusions to contemporaneous events are few. When we are making history we are sublimely unconscious of the fact. The young soldier did not want to talk to his love of the horrors of the camp or the sad scenes which surrounded him. A very noticeable incident of this kind occurs in some letters from India. A lady writing of those most terrible days which have to us brought out the virtues of Havelock only mentions him once in a voluminous correspondence, although she saw him every day; she was too near him to see his greatness.

THE LETTERS.

"I have been waiting, my love, for an opportunity of writing to you, but none has offered. I sit down to have a line ready for a sudden call, which will be inclosed to Colonel H—. The inclosed was sent to you at Morristown, but missed you; as it contains ideas that often occur to me, I send it now. Last evening Dr. C— delivered me the dear lines you wrote me from Nicholson's. I shall impatiently long to hear of your arrival at A—, and the state of your health. I am perfectly well, proof against any-

thing that can assail mine. We have no change in our affairs since you left us. I should regret the time already lost in inactivity, if it did not bring us nearer to that sweet reunion for which we so ardently wish. I never look forward to that period without sensations I cannot describe.

"I love you more and more every hour! The sweet softness and delicacy of your mind and manners, the elevation of your sentiments, the real goodness of your heart, its tenderness to me, the beauties of your face and person, your unpretending good sense, and that innocent simplicity and frankness which pervade your actions, all these appear to me with increasing amiableness, and place you in my estimation above all the rest of your sex.

"I entreat you, my charmer, not to neglect the charges I gave you, particularly that of taking care of yourself, and that of employing all your leisure in reading. Nature has been very kind to you; do not neglect to cultivate her gifts, and to enable yourself to make the distinguished figure in all respects to which you are entitled to aspire. You excel most of your sex in all the amiable qualities; endeavor to excel them equally in the splendid ones. You can do it if you please, and I shall take pride in it; it will be a fund on which we can draw; it will diversify our enjoyments and amusements, and fill all our moments to advantage. I have received a letter from Major Laurens, soliciting an interview on the Pennsylvania boundary. The general has half consented to its taking place. I hope to be permitted to meet him; if so, I will go to Philadelphia, and then you may depend I shall not forget the picture you have requested.

"Yours, my angel, with inviolable fidelity,

"July 2, 1775.

"It is now the 4th, and no opportunity has offered; I open my letter to tell you that your papa has been unwell with a touch of quinsy, but he is now almost well. He hoped to be at headquarters to-day. He is eight miles off. I saw him last evening, and heard from him this morning. I mention this lest you should hear of his indisposition through an exaggerated channel, and be unnecessarily alarmed. Present me affectionately to your mamma.—Adieu, my love."

"I have told you, and I told you truly, that I love you too much—you engross my thoughts too entirely to allow me to think of anything else. You not only employ my mind all day, but you intrude on my sleep. I meet you in every dream, and when I wake I cannot close my eyes again for ruminating on your sweetness. 'Tis a pretty story indeed that I am to be thus monopolized by a little nut-brown maid like you, and from a statesman and a soldier metamorphosed into a puny lover! I believe in my soul that you are an enchantress; but I have tried in vain, if not to break, at least to weaken, the charm. You maintain your empire in spite of all my efforts, and after every new one I make to draw myself from my allegiance my partial heart still returns and clings to you with increased attachment. To drop figures, my lovely girl, you become dearer to me every moment. I am more and more unhappy and impatient under the hard necessity that keeps me from you, and yet the prospect lengthens as I advance. Harrison has just received an account of the death of his father, and will be obliged to go to Virginia. M—'s affairs (as well as his love) compel him to go thence also in a little time. There will then remain too few in the family to make it possible for me to leave it till H—'s return, but I have told him that I will not be delayed beyond November. I

had hoped the middle of the month would have given us to each other, but I now fear it will be the end. Though the period of our reunion approaches, it really seems farther off. Among the other causes of uneasiness, I fear lest you should imagine that I yield too easily to the bars that keep us asunder; but if you have such an idea you ought to banish it, and reproach yourself with injustice.

"A spirit entering into bliss, heaven opening upon all its faculties, cannot long more ardently for the enjoyment than I do, my darling Maggie, to taste the heaven that awaits me!

"Indeed, you do not write me often enough. I ought at least to hear from you by every post, and your last letter is as old as the middle of September. I have written you twice since my return from Hartford.

"You will laugh at me for consulting you about such a trifle, but I want to know whether you would prefer my receiving the nuptial benediction in my uniform or in a different habit. It will be just as you please, so consult your whim and what you think most consistent with propriety.

"Tell Peggy I will shortly open a correspondence with her. I am composing a piece of which, from the opinion I have of her qualifications, I shall endeavor to prevail on her to act the principal character. The title is 'The Way to get Him'—for the benefit of all single ladies who desire to be married. You will ask her if she has any objections to taking part in this piece, and tell her if I am not much mistaken in her I am sure she will have none.

"For your own part, your business is now to study 'the way to keep him,' which is said to be much the most difficult task of the two, though in your case I verily believe it will be an easy one, and that, to succeed effectually, you will only have to wish it sincerely. May I only be as successful in pleasing you, and may you be as happy as I shall ever wish to make you!

"P. S.—I promised you a particular account of André. I am writing one of the whole affair, of which I will send you a copy."

"Your letter of the 2d instant, which was delivered me this morning, increases the mystery which attends our correspondence. The curiosity to which the interruption must be attributed is as cruel as impertinent, and makes a greater degree of circumspection in writing to each other necessary. This circumspection, however, would imply a restraint which my heart cannot reconcile itself to—and I no sooner mention the necessity of it than I resolve not to observe it. My feelings are too lively and ardent to submit to be fettered by the cold rules of prudence. I must and I will tell my love without reserve all the fondnesses, and I had almost said follies, with which your dear idea inspires me. I think a reasonable lover cannot be a lover at all.

"Why do you ask me if an abatement of tenderness is the cause of my silence?

"Were it not that real love is always timid and apprehensive, I should chide you for entertaining a sentiment of distrust. But I felt too much in the same way not to know how to interpret the crime in the same way. But, my love, I intreat you to discard forever every surmise of the possibility of a diminution of my affection for you. It increases and becomes more impatiently tender every day. I almost begin like you to be pleased with events that, as a citizen and a soldier, I should regret, because they promise to accelerate our union. And it is not without an effort that I can bring myself to be sensible that what is an amiable frailty in you would be a criminal weakness in me. Our country needs a vigorous campaign, and it is not only

our duty to wish for it, but ultimately our interest; for I feel in myself, my angel, that even in the paradise of your love I could not be happy absent from the field while my services there are necessary; happy I certainly could not be present with the army and absent from you. Let us, then, pray for a decisive campaign, and rejoice that there is again a gleam of hope that we shall have one. The rest Heaven will take care of, and we shall soon be happy in full possession of each other, while Peace will sanctify the empire of Love.

"I wrote to you, my dear, in one of my letters, that I had written to my father, but had not heard from him since. That the operations in the islands hitherto cannot affect him—that I had pressed him to come to America, after the peace. I shall then present him with a black-eyed daughter, and tell him how much her attention deserves his affection, and will make the blessing of his gray hairs.

"I shall shortly write to our favorite Peggy, though I am not certain I may not see her soon. The day after to-morrow I set out with the general for Hartford to an interview with the French general and admiral, and we may possibly go farther eastward. Colonel H—— shall forward your letters to me.

"Adieu, my angel; be happy, and be always assured that my tenderness for you is unchangeable. Let love make the happiness, the supreme good of our lives.

"September 15, —."

"Impatiently, my dearest Maggie, have I been expecting the return of your father to bring me a letter from my charmer, with the answers you have been good enough to promise me to the little questions asked in mine by him. I long to see the workings of my Maggie's heart, and I promise myself I shall have ample gratification to my fondness in the sweet familiarity of her pen. She will there, I hope, paint me her feelings without reserve, even in those tender moments of pillowed retirement, when her soul, abstracted from every other object, delivers itself up to love and to me, yet with all that delicacy which suits the purity of her mind, and which is so conspicuous in whatever she does.

"It is now a week, my Maggie, since I have heard from you. In that time I have written you twice. I think it will be advisable in future to number our letters, for I have reason to suspect they do not all meet with fair play. This is number one! M—— has just come in, and interrupts me by sending his love to you. He tells me that he has just written a long letter to his widow, asking her opinion of the propriety of quitting the service, and that if she does not disapprove it, he will certainly take his final leave after the campaign. You see what a fine opportunity she has to be enrolled in the catalogue of heroines, and I dare say she will set you an example of fortitude and patriotism. I know, too, that you have so much of the Portia in you, that you will not be outdone in this line by any of your sex, and that, if you saw me inclined to quit the service of your country, you would dissuade me from it.

"I have promised you to conform to your wishes, and I persist in this intention. It remains with you to show whether you are a Roman or an American wife!

"Though I am not sanguine in expecting it, I am not without hopes this winter will produce a peace, and then you must submit to the mortification of engrossing more domestic happiness and less fame! This I know you will not like, but we cannot always have things as we wish.

"The affairs of England are in so bad a plight that, if no fortunate events attend her this

campaign, it would seem impossible for her to proceed with the war. But she is an obstinate old dame, and seems determined to ruin her whole family, rather than to let Miss America go on flirting it with her new lovers, with whom, as giddy young girls often do, she eloped in contempt of her mother's authority. I know you will be ready to justify her conduct, and to tell me the ill treatment she received was enough to make any girl of spirit act in the same manner! But I will one day cure you of these refractory notions about the right of resistance, of which I foresee you will be apt to make a very dangerous application, and teach you the great advantage and absolute necessity of implicit obedience.

"But, now we are talking of times to come, tell me, my pretty damsel, have you made up your mind upon the subject of housekeeping? Do you soberly relish the pleasure of being a poor man's wife? Have you learned to think a homespun preferable to a brocade? and the rumble of a wagon-wheel to the musical rattling of a coach-and-six? Will you be able to see with perfect composure your old acquaintances flaunting it in gay life, tripping it along in elegance and splendor, while you hold a humble station, and have no other enjoyments than the sober comforts of a good wife? Can you, in short, be an Aquileia, and cheerfully plant turnips with me if Fortune should require it?

"If you cannot, my dear, we are playing a comedy of 'All in the Wrong,' and you should correct the mistake before we begin to act the tragedy of 'The Unhappy Couple.' I propose you a set of new questions, my lovely girl, but, though they are asked with an air of levity, they merit a very serious consideration, for on their being resolved in the affirmative, stripped of all the coloring of a fond imagination, our happiness may absolutely depend. I have not concealed my circumstances from my Maggie; they are far from splendid—they may be even worse than I expect, for every day brings me fresh proof of the knavery of those to whom my small affairs are intrusted. They have already filed down what was in their hands more than one half, and I am told they go on diminishing it, till I fear they will reduce it below even my former fears. An indifference to property enters into my character too much, but what affects me more is that my Maggie is concerned in it. I should have laughed at it a year ago. But I have thoroughly examined my own heart. Beloved by you I can be happy anywhere, and in any situation, and can struggle with every embarrassment of fortune with patience and firmness. I cannot, however, forbear entreating you to look on our union on its darkest side, and satisfy, without deceiving yourself, how far your affection for me can make you happy in a privation of those elegancies to which you have been accustomed. If Fortune should smile upon us, it will do us no harm to have been prepared for adversity; if she frowns upon us, by being prepared we shall encounter it without the chagrin of disappointment. Your future rank in life is a perfect lottery: you may move in a very exalted, or in a very humble sphere—the last is most probable—examine well your own heart, and, in doing it, don't figure to yourself a cottage, with the spontaneous bounties of Nature courting you to enjoyment. Don't imagine yourself a shepherdess, your hair embroidered with flowers, a crook in your hand, tending your flock, under a shady tree, by the side of a cool fountain, your faithful shepherd sitting near, and entertaining you with gentle tales of love. These are pretty dreams, and very apt to enter into the heads of lovers, when they think of a connection without the advantages of fortune. But they must not be indulged; you must ap-

ply your situation to real life, and think how you would feel in scenes of which you may find examples every day. So far, my dear Maggie, as the tenderest affection can compensate for other inconveniences, in making your estimate you cannot give too large a credit for the article. My heart overflows with everything for you that admiration, esteem, and love, can inspire. I would this moment give the whole world to be near you and to kiss your sweet hand. Believe what I say, and imagine my feelings when I say it. Let it awake your sympathy, and let our hearts melt in a prayer to be soon united, never more to be separated!"

"I wrote you last night the inclosed hasty note, in expectation that your papa would take his leave of us early. A violent storm, in which our house is tumbling about our ears, prevents him. He and M—— are propping up our house—I mean the marquise—while I sit down to indulge in the pleasure I always feel in writing to you.

"The little song you sent me I have read over and over. It is very pretty, and contains precisely those sentiments I would wish my Maggie to feel, and she tells me it is an exact copy of her heart. You seem by sympathy to have anticipated the inquiries I made in one of mine lately, and to have answered them all by a little song; a pretty method, indeed, when I am asking sober questions of the greatest importance, to answer me with a song! I confess, however, that they scarcely deserved a better, and that, if you should in reality refer me to your song, I shall be very well served. For, after all the proofs I have of your tenderness and readiness to share every kind of fortune with me, it is a presumptuous diffidence of your heart to propose the examination I did. But be assured, my angel, it is not a diffidence of my Maggie's heart, but of a female heart, that dictated the questions; I am ready to believe everything in favor of yours, but am restrained by the experience I have had of human nature, and of the softer part of it. Some of your sex possess every requisite to please, delight, and to inspire esteem, friendship, and affection, but there are too few of this description. We are full of vices—they are full of weaknesses, though I will not agree with the poet that they are—

'Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.'

Nor will I join in the exclamation of Adam against the Creator's having formed woman 'a fair defect of Nature'; I have reason to think these portraits are applicable to too many of the sex; and, though I am satisfied, whenever I trust my senses and my judgments, that you are one of the exceptions, I cannot forbear having moments when I feel a disposition to make a more perfect discovery of your temper and character. In one of those moments I wrote the letter in question.

"Do not, however, I entreat you, suppose that I entertain an ill opinion of all your sex—I have a much worse of my own! I have seen more women who merited esteem and love than men; but the truth is, my dear girl, there are very few of either who are not worthless, you know my sentiments on this head. I think I have found a precious jewel in you. Pray do not think your sex injured and become their champion, for it will be taking an unfair advantage of your influence over me.

"Have you heard anything more about Peggy?

"When she returns give my love to her, and tell her I expected she would have outstripped you in the hymeneal line.

"Adieu, my love; all angels guard you!"

REPENTANT.

DAY after day, I look for and wait for
The glimpse of her figure, the sight of her face;

Day after day, too soon or too late for
Her going or coming, I trace and retrace,

With hope born anew, the ways that she passes;
With hope born anew, each morning I miss her.

A winter of search, and now the young grasses
Are breaking the earth: shall I meet, shall I kiss her?

To-morrow, or next day? oh, my little, hurt darling,

Give me chance for a moment to comfort and heal

The hurt that I gave you; just a moment, my darling,

Let me look in your face, in your eyes, to reveal

All my heart with its passion of love and its sorrow,

Its grief and contrition, its pain for your pain:
Ah, thus for a moment, to-day, or to-morrow,
To show her my heart—to win her again!

NORA PERRY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THOSE who in imagination have dined with Lucullus, or regretted the sumptuous luxuries of the pagan civilization, are probably delighted to find, if the accounts may be trusted, that the old Romans are not to be kept in exclusive possession of a reputation for magnificence. There comes to us from California a description of a so-called "Bonanza banquet," which, trusting to the vivid fancy and abundant adjectives of the reporter, seems to show that luxurious feasts are as possible to-day as they were two thousand years ago. We are emphatically told, indeed, that, "in richness of viands, exquisite beauty of the floral and other decorations, table adornments, glitter of silverware, and lavish display of opulence, it is safe to say that the dinner to Senator S—— has never been surpassed." Perhaps this reporter, however, only means "never surpassed" in his experience. In one or two matters it must be conceded that he is quite right, inasmuch as we are told that near each guest's napkin was placed a bill of fare engraved upon a plate of solid silver, the value of which, the reporter assures us, was not less than forty dollars. This was something that, in its way, was a little beyond anything that Lucullus attempted. As the dinner, however, was given to the senator by "his old friends of the Comstock Lode," there is just a slight suggestion of "shop" in the "plates of solid silver," which were "dug from the Comstock Lode and highly polished." The latter point made by the reporter need not astonish us. Even less lux-

urious persons than these gentlemen of the Comstock Lode might have indulged in the harmless excess of polishing their silver. But we must let this reporter describe the scene of the banquet, which, he declares, was one of "rare splendor." We learn that "the hand of a florist had transformed the apartment into a bewitching grotto in fairyland. Upon the snowy cloth bright flowers were arranged in reckless profusion." We may pause here to say that even at banquets in more prosaic lands than Bonanza the cloth is sometimes "snowy" and the flowers occasionally "bright." We are further assured that, "mingling with fruit, flowers, and wondrous dishes, the bright silverware" (another instance of "rare splendor," we suppose) "glittered in the light of numerous gas-jets, and the soft rays of fifty-four wax-candles rising from radiant candelabra." "Snowy cloth," "bright flowers," "bright silverware that glitters"—after all, this is not much beyond Lucullus. Perhaps, however, the great superiority of this banquet is to be discovered in the presence of one thing Lucullus never thought of—a reporter. But the arrangement of the flowers and plants made a very pretty picture, no doubt, if not one of "rare splendor." Recesses formed by bay-windows were turned into beautiful conservatories, which, being hung with mirrors, gave the impression of green-houses of great depth. In one window was an orange and banana grove; in another was a miniature forest of tropical plants bending gracefully to the carpet; and a third was filled with ferns. There were "mammoth ornamental bronzes of costly make;" vases filled with palms; eighteen cages filled with "golden-winged feathered songsters" (perhaps this means canary-birds). Altogether our reporter is rapturous, and there can be no doubt that the apartment was charming.

But our historian has nothing to say of the viands, except that upon the table were "wondrous dishes." This is an immense disappointment. We would like to compare the courses of this marvelous banquet with those that followed each other at the feasts of the old Romans. In this dinner, "which has never been surpassed," there were, we must assume, truly "wondrous dishes" that would have put the *chef* of Elagabalus or of Lucullus to the blush. But we are left to imagine them all. No doubt the guests were by turns astonished and delighted by the strange devices and marvelous flavors of the banquet. At the dinners of Lucullus there were fighting-cocks, and hens surrounded by their young ones, all so naturally posed that the guests would imagine them to be alive, and greet them with shouts of approbation. We imagine some such scene in our modern feast. There would come

upon the table in that old time enormous wild boars, in various attitudes of battle or struggle; we think we see a procession of foresters, groaning under the weight of a huge "grizzly," entering this banquet-hall, and hear the shouts of delight with which the brilliant device of the *chef* was hailed. There can be no doubt of the range, the beauty, the great variety, the supreme flavor of these "wondrous dishes;" but the accounts of the great feasts of old never omitted these important particulars. In this our reporter is to blame. However, we can honestly thank him for the silver bills of fare, the fifty-four wax-candles, the bright flowers, the golden-winged feathered songsters, the window-recesses filled with plants, the glittering silverware, of this "picturesque feast" of "opulent epicures;" and we may rest happy in the assurance that in this unsurpassed banquet the guests were not smothered in roses, as in one notable instance in the olden time, nor were wild beasts turned in upon them, as in another—incidents we are not likely to reproduce yet awhile in our revival of antique luxury.

Few departments in the Centennial show are likely to attract more attention from those foreign visitors who look below the surface than the section appropriated to the produce of our native woods. In most parts of the civilized world the timber-supply of the future has become a subject of anxious interest even in countries where it is not much relied upon for fuel. Economic Germany long since appreciated the paramount importance of timber-culture, and has so decisively taken the lead in the art of forestry as to become a finishing school for those who desire to perfect themselves therein. In India the British Government awoke some twelve years ago to the necessity of vigorous action in the same direction. The Secretary of State wrote to the Governor of Madras in 1873: "To forests, from their nature, the usual maxim of political economy which leaves such undertakings to private enterprise cannot be applied. Their vast extent, the long time that a tree takes to reach maturity, and the consequence that few people live long enough to obtain any, and more especially the highest, returns for expenditure, even once in the course of their lives, are proofs of the necessity that forest management should be conducted on permanent principles, and not left to the negligence, the avarice, or caprice, of individuals, and therefore point to the state as the proper administrator, bound to take care that in supplying the wants of the present generation there is no reckless waste, no needless forestalling of the supply of future generations. This is a matter of experience not in India only, but in all other countries

of the world." It is by no means certain that individual action would not be competent to deal with this subject. There is now a society in the State of New York organized for the promotion of tree-culture, with favorable results. It is eminently desirable, however, that vast native wilds, like those of the Adirondacks, should be preserved permanently as forests, and this would need, perhaps, state interference. The importance of the subject both for state and individual action is certainly great. In New Zealand, where, as here, an alarm has already been sounded on account of the marvelously rapid consumption of timber, it has been calculated that fifty thousand dollars, expended judiciously in tree-planting, would within half a century result in a market value amounting to millions. In Germany the value of state property has by such means been increased enormously. The Inspector-General of Indian Forests reports that nothing can convey too high an idea of the attainments and thorough knowledge of their work displayed by German forest-officers, who by their skill make rocky crannies and dismal swamps yield a revenue. Their system begins by a careful survey, stock-taking, experiments in the rate of growth, and the best soil for every description of tree. And in France, too, he describes how much has been done, more especially of late years, and points to the reclamation of the Landes and the success which has attended the planting of the shifting sands at the mouth of the Gironde.

In youthful Australia this subject is already regarded as of high importance, and Mr. Krichauff, a member of the South Australia Legislature, recently read a highly-instructive paper upon it in the Chamber of Manufactures at Adelaide, dwelling upon the extreme importance of timber-culture in that country if only to mitigate drought—its greatest drawback. He drew attention to the fact of the neighboring colony of Victoria having an inspector of forests, by whose supervision their preservation has been secured, and urged similar action.

We should gladly see more active measures adopted in this State, which possesses thousands of acres that would yield in value a hundredfold hereafter in return for a little care bestowed now.

In the Adirondacks millions of trees are ruining each other for lack of it, and a district which ought to be the most valuable public property is worthless. Were the German system pursued this region might become a school of forestry for the whole country, and we should boast a playground which would surpass the Wiener Wald, or even the Black Forest. What a sylvan paradise such a place might become, with a few

simply appointed yet comfortable hotels, placed at the most convenient points, and plenty of ponies and basket-carriages for excursions! No one who has experienced the living in comfort amid delicious forest-scenery wishes for anything better in the way of summer recreation. Indeed, the fascination of it is amply proved by the fact that people expose themselves to all possible discomforts to enjoy it.

THERE departs with Charlotte Cushman not only a great artist, but a great art. We have often taken occasion to defend the stage of to-day from many of the aspersions cast upon it; we have asserted that its morals are higher and its art truer and subtler than the morals and the art of former periods. While these statements are true, the old stage, nevertheless, did possess certain large and grand qualities which have fairly disappeared, Charlotte Cushman being the last of their exponents. It is not that our great actress belonged to a special school. She did not perpetuate the massive and statuesque methods of the Kembles, her style being impulsive, picturesque, and exuberant; but she did perpetuate the perfect culture, the masterly training, the large grasp, the intellectual illumination, if we may so phrase it, of the old school, and with her death they pass from the stage. It is as difficult to explain the peculiar quality of this art to those who do not know it as it would be to make the blind comprehend the meaning of color. It has its basis in elocution. Now elocution, or that which commonly goes by that name, is an abomination—consisting mainly of ventriloquial displays, affected cadences, and brainless utterances that impose upon the brainless by their sonorous pomp. But that true elocution which designs first to give to each word in a sentence its exact value and place, and next to touch up the line, as it were, with light and color, so that the full force of its meaning and wealth of its æsthetic expression shall be given—this art is one of the most admirable in the world, and at this moment is pretty nearly a lost one. Those of our readers who witnessed Charlotte Cushman's personation of *Queen Catharine* will recall, no doubt, her opening speech, in which, addressing one who had testified against the *Duke of Buckingham*, she said:

"... take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul."

Those words fell upon every ear with thrilling effect. The clear and perfect intonation, the low and yet penetrating voice, the majesty of the bearing, the swelling cadence of the warning, which seemed, simple as the words are, to gather in the queen's utterance a fearful significance—all these qual-

ities of the delivery made it a worthy instance of the art we are attempting to describe. Charlotte Cushman possessed, to an eminent degree, this power of illuminating language, of giving it an utterance that gave unexpected force to the meaning. Her style may be criticised as over-exuberant; she was picturesque, free in action, rather lacking in repose; neither by person nor temperament was she fitted for a wide range of characters; but she was sympathetic, could be intense without noise, possessed a voice of great mellowness and power; and her personations were always marked by vivid imagination and quickened intelligence. The English-speaking stage has no one to fill her place; there is no one who has sat to learn of her; there is no group of actresses who have even striven to understand the secret of her power; with her departs even the tradition that severe and generous study are necessary to form the artist, and the knowledge of how great art is built up. It is a source of great gratification that her career as a woman was pure and noble. We have now many good actors, and shall have hereafter many charming ones; but a unique and heroic figure has gone which time will scarcely match again.

A SOMEWHAT lively discussion is going on in England as to whether it is not barbarous to kill birds for their plumage. One gentleman has written an indignant letter, in which he intimates that he has an arsenal of brickbats in store for anybody whom he catches killing cock-robin for this purpose within his reach; while a Cambridge professor in his philanthropic wrath forgets his gallantry, and protests against the slaughter of the feathered innocents in order that "women may deck themselves out like salmon-fishes." This remark has set another and yet more cynical critic aglow, who seizes the occasion to declare rather viciously that "women are as cruel as they are vain, and are perfectly well aware of the pain and torture which the modern fashion of feather-ornaments of necessity inflicts." The conclusion of all this is that ladies should at once and forever abandon all those adornments which comprise the wings and feathers of brilliantly-colored birds.

No doubt it is cruel to put to death, as is being done every year in England and this country, and probably in many others, many thousands of humming-birds, robins, egrets, parrots, and kingfishers, in order to secure dress decoration, which is a luxury, and not a necessity; and we confess to sympathizing with the wish of these excited gentlemen—that the ladies might find some substitute for ornaments which preordain a vast amount of torture to the sweet denizens of the air and

trees. But, as a fact, if the philanthropists adopt the principle implied, and enter into a crusade against all practices which inflict cruelty upon the dumb creation for purposes of amusement and luxury, and not of necessity, they are likely to have an interminable work before them. While they would not disturb the sportsman who kills robins for eating—and Buffon tells us that "this little songster eats deliciously if served upon hot toast"—or the angler who catches trout or smelt for supper, they would be forced to pursue an infinite number of trades which thrive wholly upon the slaughter of beasts, from seals for sealskin to birds for feathers, in order to procure articles of fine luxury and ornament. Were men and women to reject all articles of this sort, the outward and material life would take on a much duller and plainer hue. Yet we do wish the fashion would change, and that the display of feather-finery by *parvenus* and shoddy people would scare the "best society" out of it. While we cannot hope that the infliction of cruelty upon animals for purposes of luxury can be abolished, we may encourage the effort to confine it within as narrow limits as possible; deprecating bird-slaughter not only because of the cruelty, but also because the practice tends to diminish the multitude of the little warblers which add so much to the charms of out-door life.

Books and Authors.

IT has become superfluous almost to say of a book by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton that it is charmingly written and pleasant to read. Readers of Mr. Hamerton's works have acquired a well-grounded confidence that he will touch no subject of which he has not something fresh, or original, or instructive to say, and that whatever he does say will be said in a manner which of itself would suffice to attract and hold the attention. We open a book of his, therefore, with much the same feeling as that with which we sit down to conversation with a cultivated and amiable friend, knowing that for a time at least we shall be in intimate companionship with a singularly broad and elevated mind, and that we shall enjoy a more than passing glimpse of what we may call the amenity of culture.

Such expectations will not be disappointed in "Round My House,"¹ though it deals with more homely and practical themes than the author is in the habit of treating. For many years Mr. Hamerton has resided in France in that close and constant association with all classes of French society which only prolonged residence can secure; and the present work is a record and summary of his observations on the character, habits, customs, and manners of the people, the au-

thor regarding it as "a small contribution to what ought to be the great work of international writers in our time—namely, the work of making different nations understand each other better." This work of enlightenment is important in regard to all nations, but in none, perhaps, is it so necessary as in the case of the French, for no people are so little understood, or rather so *misunderstood*, by foreigners. "What excites my wonder most," says Mr. Hamerton, "about English ideas concerning French people is, not that they should be inaccurate (for ideas about foreign nations are always inaccurate), but that they should be on many subjects *exactly* the reverse of the truth—that what is red should be believed to be green, and what is purple, yellow. The English conception of French ladies is, that they are incapable of attention to household affairs; the exact truth is, that their minds are narrowed by a too close and too minute attention to house-keeping. The English believe nobility is of no consequence in France, and that all classes are jumbled together; the exact truth is, that nobility is much more frequently mentioned in French conversation than in English, and much more constantly present in French people's thoughts, and that in France there is a *noblesse* as there is in Germany, Spain, etc., while in England there is not a *noblesse*, but only a peerage, the descendants of which become for the most part commoners." The more glaring of these misconceptions Mr. Hamerton endeavors to remove, not by categorical denial or refutation, but by giving a detailed picture of life in his neighborhood, the situation of his house being (as he takes the pains to show with considerable minuteness) very favorable for enabling him to mingle freely with all classes, from nobility to peasant.

The quality of the book can be better shown by quotation than by description, and every chapter offers a page or two which it is difficult to resist; but we shall be compelled to confine ourselves to one or two salient points, leaving the reader to do what we hope he will do in any case—namely, go to the book itself for the rest. And first, of course, the reader will be curious to know what the author has to say of Frenchwomen:

"Ladies in this part of the world are divided into two distinct classes: the home-women and the visiting-women—*les femmes d'intérieur*, and *les femmes du monde*. It is very difficult to unite the two characters in one person; those who pretend to do so are generally worldly ladies, with an affectation of homely qualities. The character which predominates here, even among rich people, is the homely housekeeping character. Nothing can be more respectable, and I hope to do full justice to it later; but it is difficult to talk long with a lady who thinks of nothing but housekeeping, and never reads anything but the cookery-book. The housekeeping provincial lady is, however, a superior person to the dressy *femme du monde*, for she has substantial qualities which no sensible person will undervalue; she makes the lives of her family tolerable on a small income, and comfortable on a very moderate one, so that, although she may not read clever books or take a share in clever talk, her life stands on a firm basis nevertheless, and there is compensation. The *femme du monde* talks more, and has a pretty external

¹ Round My House: Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Seeley & Co. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

varnish, but she reads nothing except the little illustrated weekly papers which depict the changes of fashionable attire, and all that she knows is the current gossip of the neighborhood. If you are well posted up in that gossip, and can take your share in it, a conversation may be maintained; but, if not, the talk drops and the situation becomes painful. This accounts for the separation of the sexes which travelers have so often remarked in France. There is not any acknowledged custom which separates them, like the English custom of leaving the gentlemen to their wine after dinner; but a fatal influence collects all the men in one place or group, and all the women in another. If by chance a cultivated woman comes among them, she is better appreciated by the other sex than by her own, and has rather a difficult part to play among ladies. They soon find out that she is not one of themselves, and, although they may not be unkind enough to do anything intentionally to make her feel it, she will have need of some caution and dexterity to keep safely within the very narrow limits of their knowledge; and we all know how easy it is to give offense by the unguarded display of anything like mental superiority. We discovered one very superior woman, surrounded by the kind of society which I have just been trying to describe, and found her cautious in an extreme degree, as if anxious to keep her brains well hidden."

In regard to the morality of Frenchwomen, Mr. Hamerton speaks decisively enough to dissipate forever among intelligent people a very vulgar and unjust but very prevalent idea:

"French novels have encouraged the idea that Frenchmen are always occupied in making love to their neighbors' wives. One of my friends who lives in our city asked me a question which I will repeat here, with the answer. He said: 'You are a foreigner who has lived many years in France, and you have observed us, no doubt, much more closely than we observe ourselves, while you have means of comparison with another nation which we have not. Now please tell me frankly whether our wives seem to conduct themselves worse than English ladies in a neighborhood of the same kind.' I said, 'It is just like an English neighborhood: one never thinks about the morality of ladies, it is a matter of course.' This is a subject, indeed, which it seems almost wrong to mention even here, though I do so for the best of purposes. There exists in foreign countries, and especially in England, a belief that Frenchwomen are very generally adulteresses. The origin of the belief is this—the manner in which marriages are generally managed in France leaves no room for interesting love-stories. Novelists and dramatists must find love-stories somewhere, and so they have to seek for them in illicit intrigues. These writers are read greatly in foreign countries, and, as the interest of the story turns generally upon a passion for a married woman, an impression is thereby conveyed that such passions are the main interest of French life. It is also, I believe, perfectly true that there is too much of such passion in the luxurious and idle society of Paris, which is much better known to foreigners than the simpler and more restricted, yet, in the aggregate, incomparably more numerous, society of the country. All these influences together have produced an opinion in foreign countries which is most unjust to the ordinary provincial French lady, whose qualities and faults are exactly the opposite of what the foreigner usually believes. She may have unpractical views on politics, and not see the beauty of representative government, but she is thoroughly aware of the difference between morality and immorality. . . . The reader

who cares to have just opinions will only believe the truth if he simply takes it for granted that the virtue of the ordinary housekeeping French lady is no more questionable than that of his own mother and sisters."

French ideas concerning courtship and matrimony have always appeared anomalous to English and Americans, who pay so much deference to individual choice; and, if Mr. Hamerton's explanations do little to remove their apparent anomalousness, he at least makes their *rationale* clear:

"The true foundation of the French marriage custom is the notion of propriety in the bringing-up of young ladies, which has led respectable people, and those who wished to be considered respectable, to refine upon the original idea of what is necessary to the pure reputation of a virgin, until at last they have arrived at that dangerous consummation, the realization of an ideal, which in a world like this is always sure to be punished by very serious practical inconveniences."

"The English critic of French manners who does not really know France, but has only read about it in the newspapers, or passed through it on the railway, fancies that young Frenchmen are indifferent to the charms and qualities of marriageable young women and think of nothing but their dowries. The English critic puts the blame of the present system on the wrong shoulders. The young men are not to blame: they would be ready enough, perhaps, to fall in love if they had the chance, like any Englishman or German, but the respectable parents of the young lady take care that they shall *not* have the chance of falling in love."

"The French ideal of a well-brought-up young lady is that she should not know anything whatever about love and marriage, that she should be both innocent and ignorant, and both in the supreme degree, both to a degree which no English person can imagine. If, indeed, I were to say here quite plainly to what a degree this innocence and this ignorance are carried in the most thoroughly respectable French families, the English reader would laugh at me, and say that it was neither true nor possible, and that I was very innocent myself for believing it to be possible."

"The respectable view of matters is, that when a young lady has been kept in quite perfect innocence and ignorance, and has never had an attachment of any kind, if an arrangement can be made which will secure her material comfort in a marriage arranged for her by her parents, she will in all probability attach herself to her husband, and never know any disturbing affection; whereas, if she were to form an attachment before marriage, it would probably be unsuitable, and lead not only to her loss of reputation, but also to the wreck of her happiness."

With regard to fortune-hunting, Mr. Hamerton thinks that all that can be fairly and truly said is, that a Frenchman does not generally wish to take the whole burden of marriage and its attendant expenses upon his own unassisted shoulders:

"On the other hand, he seldom seeks to make a profit out of marriage. He seldom tries to throw the burden of his family on his wife. His notion is that the wife should do something to help him, but he is not very exacting as to the share she ought to take. He will not marry a girl without a dowry, but he will marry a girl with a very moderate dowry, the interest of which shall be just barely enough to keep herself, without considering the children. For example, thousands of young Frenchmen in the

professions will marry girls with twenty thousand francs for a dowry. At five per cent., this gives forty pounds a year interest. This can scarcely be called fortune-hunting, since it is evident that, in making a marriage of this kind, a man takes upon himself a burden which his wife's dowry will only partially help him to bear."

As to the method of courtship, there is an excellent illustrative anecdote of a matrimonial negotiation undertaken by the author himself, which is too long to quote in this place, though we may find room for it among the "Miscellanea." Here, instead, is a paragraph from the highly amusing and instructive chapter on French servants:

"A French servant likes his master to make some appeal to his good feeling and intelligence, and he is generally ready to answer such an appeal with a lively and willing obedience; but a haughty master will not get very much out of him. The tone generally adopted toward servants in Burgundy is that of intelligent but not jocular familiarity; and the best way to be well served is to show that you thoroughly understand what has to be done, while you appreciate all proofs of skill, and respect industry and endurance. When there is neglect, a clear and detailed criticism is the best thing, for the people are generally intelligent enough, though ignorant. They are sensitive to praise, which ought to be given freely from time to time when it is merited. With kind and considerate treatment, they become so strongly attached that it is impossible to dismiss them, and then they only leave you to be either married or buried. We know an instance of an old servant who was dismissed for some reason, but quietly reappeared in the house on the following day as if nothing had happened, saying that it was no use sending her away, for she would not go, and she would work without wages rather than be turned out. In most of the houses we visit, we always see the same domestics, whom we know by name, and always greet by name, with a hearty *bonjour*, which is cordially returned. One of our neighbors had a gardener, who fell into weak health and at last died. When dying, he expressed a wish to be remembered to his friends, whom he mentioned. I was one of the persons mentioned, and was deeply touched, on receiving the message of kindness from the dead, by the thought that in so solemn a moment he had felt confidence in my sense of our human brotherhood, and had believed that his farewell would be valued by me; and it was and is. This little incident shows the relation between classes; it shows how little the domestic thinks himself excluded from sympathy by his servitude. Yet he is uniformly respectful, though in an easy and rather informal way. His manners express something of this kind, if it is possible to translate such a subtle expression as that of manners into words. They seem to say, 'I will not forget the distinction between us, and will serve you heartily so long as you treat me kindly, but I am not in the least afraid of you.'"

During the war of 1870, Mr. Hamerton was sufficiently near the scene of hostilities to witness a bombardment and a skirmish from the windows of his house, and he gives an animated glimpse of rural France in wartime. We have left ourselves no space, however, to comment either on this or on many other interesting topics treated of in "Round My House;" and will bring our notice to a close by simply indorsing the author's own assurance that "the general impression which the book will produce in England and Amer-

ica will be favorable to my French neighbors, who, whatever may be their faults, have qualities which will bear to be painted truthfully."

It would be rash, perhaps, to assert of any particular work that in it the vagaries of the "Shakespeare-maniacs," as Swinburne calls them, had culminated; but unthinking enthusiasm for a great poet could hardly be carried to a higher pitch of absurdity than is reached by Mr. James Rees in his "Shakespeare and the Bible" (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger). The object of the book is to show that Shakespeare was indebted to the Bible for many of his most beautiful passages, and, further, that he took from the Bible the motive and incidents of many of his plays. The proof offered of this consists of parallel passages from Shakespeare and the Old and New Testaments in which the same idea, or thought, or simile, or form of expression, is supposed to occur. The special character of this evidence we shall indicate farther on; but its utter futility is shown by the statement that the version of the Bible from which Shakespeare is supposed to have drawn his treasures was not published until 1611, when most of Shakespeare's plays had already been written! Of course, any coincidences of phrase that may be found—and it is of these alone that Mr. Rees furnishes any instances worth considering—are easily explainable by supposing that both Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible drew from a common reservoir of cultivated speech; though, if indebtedness is to be predicated of either, it is much more plausible to argue that Shakespeare shaped and moulded the language of the translators than that he himself was influenced by non-existent writings. To have given even the semblance of validity to his proof, Mr. Rees should have quoted the Tyndale version of the Scriptures; and, had he consulted that, he would have discovered how greatly the language of the Shakespearean period differed from that of a generation or two previous.

Even were there no such radical defects in his premises, however, Mr. Rees could hardly be said to have established his thesis. Now and then he chances upon a parallel which is interesting if not important; but, as a general thing, his analogies hang upon a thread of extreme tenuity, and not seldom are entirely imperceptible to the mental vision. The slenderness of the basis upon which his inferences usually rest is indicated by the fact that he argues in all seriousness that St. Paul's shipwreck on the island of Melita, as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles, furnished Shakespeare with the outline and supernatural characteristics of his play of "The Tempest." Even Ariel is described in Isaiah; and for that beautiful passage—

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind,"

Mr. Rees finds the following Scriptural parallel: "The fashion of this world shall pass away" (1 Corinthians vii. 31); and the very "heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat" when "the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up" (2 Peter iii. 10). And here is one of the "coincidences of expression" between Shakespeare and Bacon:

"He that builds him a fair house upon an ill seat committeth himself to prison; nor do I reckon that an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome, but likewise where it is unequal."—BACON.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat—the air,
Nimble and sweet, recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."—SHAKESPEARE.

These are but specimens taken at random, and by no means exhaust the list; for the most surprising thing about Mr. Rees's book is that so many blunders and absurdities could be crowded into one diminutive volume.

THE author of such a book as Mr. Edward Jenkins's "The Devil's Chain" (New York: Harper & Brothers) should be very sure of its proving useful, for otherwise it is an inexcusable outrage against decency, taste, and the very temperance which it is its professed object to promote. When a man goes out of his way to gather up the foulest garbage of the police-courts, brothels, and grogeries, his work is good or bad according to the results which flow from it—and we can at least suspend judgment regarding it; but when he dishes up his unsavory gleanings, and offers them to the public, the *raison d'être* of the work should be very clear indeed. We have no doubt that Mr. Jenkins has convinced himself that "The Devil's Chain" has given an entirely adequate reason for existence when he describes it as an attempt to exhibit "in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features and proportions of the abuses" of drinking, in the hope that such an exhibit will rouse "some men of quiet digestion out of their apathy," and induce them to participate in the crusade against the dram-shops. He belongs to the now familiar class of people who imagine that hooting, and shouting, and shrieking, are more effective methods of influencing mankind than sound and temperate argument; who think civilization promoted by fireworks, and mental progress by a series of moral shocks. Having had his eyes suddenly opened (as he confesses in his dedication) to the "fell, disastrous, and diabolical effects" of the traffic in drink, he jumps to the conclusion that the way to put it down will be to create an hypothetical figure, covered with all the festering sores of modern society, and parade it before the public with beating of gongs and blast of trumpets, as the normal and inevitable offspring of that "social glass" of which we are in general so tolerant. It probably never occurred to him that such a performance is liable to do more harm than good by causing the public, in disgust at his distortions and exaggerations, to close its eyes to representations of any kind upon the subject. Yet it requires but a very slight knowledge of human nature to perceive

that this is an extremely probable result. Nothing is more certain than that the cause of temperance has been more seriously injured by the riotous extravagance of its champions than by all other influences combined. It has divided the public into two classes—the fanatics and the indifferentists—and practically barred out of the field all scientific investigators and genuine reformers. So far from proving a help to the cause which Mr. Jenkins professes to have at heart, we believe that his "Devil's Chain" will simply increase *pro tanto* the weight which it is compelled to drag after it.

And this brings us to the remark that Mr. Jenkins's work differs in no respect from much that has been previously done in the same field. Its horrors could be easily duplicated from tracts that have been in circulation for years; and it is but very little superior in style or method of treatment. In short, "The Devil's Chain" is a temperance tract, pure and simple, and in no respect entitled to more attention than is usually bestowed upon literature of that kind.

MISS FRASER-TYTLER'S "Jonathan" (Holt's "Leisure-Hour Series") affords striking confirmation of the doctrine that the life of any human being fully and faithfully told will prove interesting to every other human being. It would be difficult to conceive of a story composed of simpler elements—more destitute of those picturesque and striking features with which even the most resourceful of novelists are prone to diversify and enliven their work. Jonathan, the central figure of the little drama, is a village blacksmith; and, while he was a skillful workman, who could easily have "bettered himself," as the village-folk said, and was only restrained from seeking a wider field for his abilities by his devotion to his mother, there is no attempt to deck him out in the usual habiliments of the hero, or to "idealize" either himself or his work. Miss Lynn, the heroine, is the village schoolmistress, and, though she is very young, and gentle, and pretty, she is neither a fine lady in disguise nor a philosopher in petticoats, but filling a very appropriate place, as many of her kind do in real life. The great man of the piece is no more than a well-to-do brewer, with a modest landed property; and the subordinate figures are very humble indeed. Yet, out of the apparently crude material furnished by the daily lives of these unconventional and unimpressive persons, Miss Fraser-Tytler has constructed a story of real power and pathos, with many things in it which show it to be a faithful picture of life in a remote Cambridgeshire village, and full of a sort of idyllic grace, and tenderness, and simplicity. The author has rare imaginative power and delicacy of mind, as well as singularly broad and generous sympathies, or she could never have maintained such an atmosphere of refinement amid people and scenes so conventionally vulgar. For "Jonathan" is distinctly a *refined* book, resembling in this respect, as in others, Miss Austen's stories, though Miss Fraser-Tytler has had far more difficult material to contend with. Its character in this respect reminds us of what we

are continually learning, and as constantly forgetting—how insignificant mere social and intellectual distinctions are when confronted with the elementary sympathies and passions of human nature.

We commend "Jonathan" as a novel which, while pitched in a decidedly lower key than the run of current fiction, is as interesting as the best, and much more pleasing than most of it.

MESSRS. OSGOOD & Co. (Boston) have added to their "Vest-Pocket Series" Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" Tennyson's "Enoch Arden;" Mr. James T. Field's excellent memorial paper on "Nathaniel Hawthorne;" and Mr. W. D. Howells's "A Day's Pleasure." Each of these dainty little volumes is well printed and bound, and is better illustrated than more pretentious works usually are. The same publishers have added the "English Note-Books," in two volumes, to their "Little Classic Edition" of Hawthorne's works, which is now rapidly nearing completion. Harper & Brothers (New York) have issued the "Christmas Stories" in their popular "Household Edition" of the works of Charles Dickens, with illustrations by Mr. E. A. Abbey. It would be superfluous, of course, to speak of the stories themselves, since they have become a part of the mirth and enjoyment of Christmas-tide the world over; but the illustrations are new and fairly good. They would be very good indeed if all of them equaled the frontispiece, in which Marley's ghost is depicted. Mr. Abbey may fairly claim to have beaten the "spirit photographs" in their own special field.

In its notice of "Pausanias," the unfinished historical romance left by Lord Lytton, the *Athenæum* says: "The delineation of character was never Lord Lytton's strong point. He painted the exterior, and did not lay bare the inner man. In his novels of modern life, smart dialogue and clever sketches of social peculiarities to a large extent hide this defect; but the want of psychological insight is painfully evident in his historical novels. 'Pausanias,' after all allowances have been made for its incomplete state, must be pronounced the poorest. There was a great deal of stilted rhetoric in 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' yet many passages showed cleverness and a light touch. But in 'Pausanias' the characters rant like Arbaces, and the love scenes and the political scenes are alike stagey and wearisome."

The writer of an article in a recent *Saturday Review* on Victor Hugo's "Pendant l'Exil" amuses himself with "taking off" M. Hugo's style. Here is a paragraph: "There are some wonderful pages about Paris toward the close of the introductory chapter. Paris, he says, is the frontier of the future, the visible frontier of the unknown, all the quantity of To-morrow which may be visible in To-day. Whoso seeks for progress with his eyes shall behold Paris. There are black cities; Paris is the City of Light. It is impossible to get out of Paris; for every living man, though he knoweth it not, hath Paris in the depths of his being. The four hurricanes, the winds, the tempests, the squalls, cannot carry away the sister-towers, cannot disperse the arch of triumph, the Gothic belfry of tocsins, and the high colonnade which is wound about the

sovereign dome; and behind the last distances of the abyss, above the shattering of ships and foams, in the midst of the rays, of the storm-clouds, and the gusts, may be seen in the dim distance of the mists the immense phantom of the city which never moves. Paris is an august apparition. Paris has ubiquity. Paris is an idea as much as a city. Paris may be breathed. It is a gleam below the horizon piercing the thick shades. The sublime peace of the starry heaven sufficeth not to dissolve in the depths of the mind this grand figure of the supreme city. Her women are goddesses; her children are heroes; her revolutions begin in wrath and end in masterpieces; she has the sacred omnipotence of a whirlwind of intelligences. All this, and more, is present in the soul of the absent—yea, even for the man plunged in shadow who passes his nights in contemplation before the eternal serenity, and hath in his soul the profound stupor of the stars."

The last *Spectator* devotes an entire article to Gwendolen Harleth, the heroine of George Eliot's new novel, of whom it says that "no young lady with a flesh-and-blood existence is likely to be half so much discussed in English drawing-rooms for the next eight months as she is. . . . Gwendolen Harleth has already asserted herself as a star of the first magnitude among George Eliot's company of fair women, and it is quite clear that as yet we have got only the germs of the full conception. There is not only a skill and delicacy in the drawing of her, but a fullness of preparation for a variety of elements of interest quite sufficient to satisfy us that George Eliot has lavished on the dream of Gwendolen Harleth deep reflection and a great store of imaginative power."

The approaching publication is announced of an historical work which will cause some sensation in the literary world. It is entitled "Louis XIII et Richelieu," and has for author M. Marius Topin. In this book, constructed in great part by the help of two hundred and fifty unpublished letters from Louis XIII. to Richelieu, discovered by M. Topin at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the relations of the monarch with the great cardinal are shown under an entirely new aspect.

The promised library-edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" is not to appear. In attempting to revise his work the author found it grow upon him to such an extent that, unwilling either to reprint the book as it is or to make an imperfect revision of it, he was led into undertaking a new and much more extensive history. This he will call a "History of the English People," and the first volume is said to be nearly completed, and likely to be published early next autumn.

The *Atlantic Monthly* wittily says: "It may not be Mr. Browning's intention that we should earn our poetry, like our bread, by the sweat of our brows, but there really seems to be some such curse denounced against his readers, which the lapse of time does not soften."

HEBER wrote his popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," at Wrexham, and it is stated that the printer who set it up in type on the Saturday of its composition, for use on the following Sunday, is still living in that town.

MR. CHARLES KENT, in preparing a new edition of Lord Lytton's domestic works, has discovered an entirely new and hitherto unpublished play by that prolific and versatile author.

The Arts.

MANY of the New York artists are very busy at present in preparing pictures for the Centennial Exhibition. All these paintings must be forwarded to Philadelphia before the 10th of April, and it is designed by the New York committee on works of art that not only new but also good older pictures by the artists should form a portion of the collection.

Among the new pictures in forwardness is Page's portrait of Farragut. The first portrait of the admiral, as will be remembered, was presented to the Emperor of Russia at the time of the visit of the Grand-Duke Alexis. Mr. Page has since been at work upon another portrait of the great mariner, and this picture has been solicited for the Philadelphia Exhibition; a more fitting place than which does not exist in the country for its display. As some of our readers will doubtless remember, this picture represents Farragut in the shrouds of the Hartford, in Mobile Bay, at the time of the siege. The figure is placed, consequently, high in the air, sixty feet or more above the water-line, and the ropes and masts of the vessel are all about him. The famous anecdote of his being lashed to the mast was explained to the artist by the admiral in this wise: Fearing that a chance ball might hit him, and so his body be lost overboard, he picked up a loop of rope that he saw while crossing the deck, and with it tied himself with a loose knot to the mast; and so, with the rope around his waist in the painting, as in point of fact, he hangs in an easy posture to a rope-ladder. He has removed his cap from his bald head, and holds it in his hand bent round one of the shrouds. In the other hand is his marine-glass.

Farragut sat for this likeness many times to Mr. Page, and several pleasant little anecdotes connected with him are proper memoranda to enter into his biography. His wife, who often accompanied him in his visits to the artist's studio, used to declare that, so truthful and characteristic in the picture were his figure and its action, that she should know it if she saw it without a head in the interior of Africa. Page, who, as is well known, has a great fancy for mechanical work, constructed, by actual measurements of a vessel, a proportionate section in miniature of the ship he wished to portray. Great was Farragut's delight in the tiny masts, shrouds, ladders, and cables of the little vessel, and he did not cease to look with curiosity and interest upon the small model. This picture is like, in general arrangement, to the painting now in Russia, but Page has painted it in a lighter key of color; and, hanging in mid-air, the form of the admiral is so balanced in aerial perspective that it seems almost to sway in the air on its flexible support. Nearer the spectator is the broad, flat yard-arm, from which a spread sail is depending, and in the distance black, heavy iron chains form their portion of the rigging. This picture is rather the better of the two, we think, for the artist, having had the experience of experiment-

ing with his model in so unusual a position in the former picture, in this one has worked with a knowledge and decision that in the former work made it look at times somewhat wanting in color and force.

Among a number of new pictures in Mr. Sandford Gifford's studio stands an old one, painted in 1867. It is large and richly colored, and was borrowed from its owner by the artist to go to Philadelphia. The scene represents the ocean under one of its boldest and most imaginative conditions, and the sentiment of the painting is so impressive as almost to make the critic doubt if such a treatment comes properly within the province of art. Stretching in an horizontal line across the entire canvas is a long, wet beach, upon which is rolling directly in the face of the beholder a green wave. Behind it other crests advance toward him, and still others advancing fade away under the cold, salt mist that brings the water toward the skyline of the horizon. And over the horizon are a yellow morning sky and the newly-risen sun.

A few little rosy clouds hung in mid-air, and a slight edge of sea-weed above the water-mark, are our only companions except the awful sea. Dante describes different kinds of horror, but to our thinking one of the most terrific of them all must be to be led by force to view the reality of such a scene as this that has no end. The waves are of equal nearness and size at either edge of the painting, and there is no hope from a retreating horizon that one can ever be delivered from the hungry, cruel waves. No outlet appears in this painting by which to escape from communion of the dread element, whose power has been developed to the utmost by the artist. He lets us look into the deep-green gulfs of water reared into a wall before us; and when one is gone and broken into a thousand little tongues, like the ruins of a former one that lie at our feet upon the beach, yet another must come and another, to infinity. The bright sun that lights the lonely waste of waters seems pitiless, and as far from mercy as the ocean itself, so distant is it in the pure heavens, and the brightness it gives to the wet sand and the shining pools of water on the beach only intensify their power.

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amid the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the madness of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

This painting was the first one, we believe, that was painted from this point of view. Since then, W. T. Richards has depicted the ocean in somewhat the same way; Bricher also has made pictures of lonely seas, but neither of these has rendered it so large, so near, and with its power brought face to face with man. Byron and Shelley have rendered it in words, but it seems to us that this painting in its spirit is approached only by some of the horrors of Dante—it would need but the one added power of an irregular outline of a

ground-swell on the horizon for the constant companionship of this horrible and beautiful painting to drive an imaginative person at times to the edge of insanity.

Mr. Gifford's pictures have an exceptional influence on the imagination; they lull the mood in soft sunshine in his paintings of the Bosphorus, of which a lovely example is now on his easel, and one's best fancy of repose is made more vivid by the pallid skies above the walls of the gray Palisades of the Hudson, beneath which pale sails hug the shore, while out upon the river other vessels catch the glow from the low sunset. Mr. Gifford is painting a number of new pictures this winter, and it seems to us they were never more poetical and imaginative than now, but the most beautiful and the most terrific piece of art that we have seen for a long while is the old sea-piece which we have just described.

THERE are two or three beautiful new landscapes at Goupil's, which, among the many fine paintings that cover the walls, add a fresh interest to the collection. One of these is a large picture, by Achenbach, of a mill-stream with an old weather-worn mill beside it. A partial light, thrown by some bright clouds behind which the sun is hidden, casts a warm glow upon the red, mossy roof of the mill, and down its broad side the color melts softly into shadow, stealing from one gray into another, until it is obscured upon the margin of the dark mill-stream. Like grim old phantoms, three big mill-wheels appear in the obscurity, and look dank and grim with the slime and weeds from the water below them. As a contrast to this part of the picture, in the middle distance a bright village appears. Its white church-tower, hoary with age, gleams in soft sunlight, which, hidden in the foreground, throws its beams full on the thatched cottages and the trees that surround them. As a link to bind the two portions of this picture together, a little child appears coaxing and driving a herd of cows across the bridge which is over the mill-dam, and the lazy, quiet cattle seem purposeless whether to nibble by the wayside or to go on to their sheds and barns.

This picture is a large one, and, in its multiplied objects skillfully treated, is a charming study for the visitor. Like most of the German landscapes, each object looks too smooth in surface, and as if it had been oiled down till the sky is of one texture with the river and the mill. But, leaving aside this national defect, so different from the French way, which is all vapor and uncertain distance in many of her artists, and Corot preëminently above the rest, this painting is a very fine and interesting one. Its great, round clouds full of light, and the gnarled branches of trees, scantily covered with leaves, recall to the visitor the conventional but masterly paintings of Ruysdael, and it is none the worse for the fact that Achenbach, fancying some of the renderings of Nature by the great Dutchman, has seen Nature somewhat through his eyes.

W. T. Richards has another kind of a landscape than this one, called "Summer Woods." This painting also is large, and a forest greenery shows in all its perfection. Great hemlock-trees, with fine bark and spreading, fan-like branches, stretch their long arms across the canvas, and below them rest in the peacefulness of summer sunshine the still pools of a brook. The banks are covered with brown leaves, out of which emerge ferns and the wild growths of the woods, and, on a hillside opposite, which is shadowy with trees, the dead leaves of autumn still linger into the new year. In the distance the bed of

the brook furnishes an opening, along whose sides other trees and still more hillside repeat the story of this same scene; but they get blue and gray till they lose themselves at last into airy indistinctness.

THE fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society displayed what the best friends of the society have so often had occasion to deplore—a certain lack of life and color in the work of the orchestra. Mr. Bergmann and his players are faithful in the mechanical execution of the music, and, more than this, are entitled to the praise of intelligence in their reading. But the soul which informs and transfigures the letter is too often wanting. This was specially noticeable at the late concert in the interpretation of the Liszt symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne." Some of the simpler passages were beautifully played, but all the effects of bold rhythm and picturesque color, with which the composition so brilliantly abounds, were sadly marred by the want of magnetism and fire alike on the part of conductor and players. The Schumann symphony, and the overture by Cherubini, were given with far more brightness and mastery.

The most important event of the concert was the performance of Miss Julia Rivé on the piano. This lady appeared last season, and made a very favorable impression by her brilliant playing of one of the Liszt compositions. We can hardly say that her reappearance this season fully carries out the promise then held out. She was evidently overweighed in her selections. Miss Rivé has a crisp, bright, bell-like touch, a thorough method, and phrases her music with intelligence and distinctness. There is nothing vague or uncertain in her style, and she palpably knows exactly what she wishes to do. But the magnificent emperor concerto of Beethoven is a work the difficulties of which can be successfully grappled with only by masterly skill. Technically correct, Miss Rivé was utterly unable to develop the noble effects which lie hidden in the work. She succeeded better in the rondo by Chopin, an airy and delicate caprice, full of fancy and playfulness, and in the Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt. In spite, however, of Miss Rivé's failure to reach the standard she sets for herself, she has so many effective qualities as a player as to make a welcome addition to the ranks of our players.

THE new comedy of "Brass" at the Park Theatre is principally of interest because it revives for the stage a character of pure dash and humor. It commonly happens that the brilliant vivacity of *Mirabile* and *Jack Rover* does not prosper in the hands of the actors of the day; and hence it is refreshing to see a new character so adapted to the present stage as to catch at least a little of the gay audacity of those parts. *Waif-ton Stray* takes its cue from the bright triflers of the old comedy, but it is more extravagant and fantastic than would have been permitted in old times excepting in farce. It has, however, the amusing audacity, the rollicking fun, the impossible eccentricities, of a class of characters that the stage has recently seen very little of, and which, when well done, have great relish. *Waif-ton Stray* is an amiable and dashing liar, but his lies are wholly harmless in their effects; they are simply the exuberance of a vivacious temperament, such as Charles Lamb stoutly declared were not to be held on the stage to any moral responsibility. In this instance a moral is worked out, inasmuch as the gay fellow is cured of his habit by losing his heart. It is acted at the Park Theatre by the author of the play, Mr. Rowe, who gives to the personation all the requisite features of rollicking good-humor, and is likely to become very popular in it. The play otherwise is commonplace. It is an English story, bearing marks of being derived from a novel, especially

in the rather confused nature of the plot. The title led us to apprehend another variation of "The Gilded Age" and "The Mighty Dollar" drama; that it is not so is of itself almost enough to make us like it, and entitles the author to a measure of praise.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE THOMPSON INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE general facts regarding the Bremerhaven explosion are familiar to our readers. A desperate man conceived the idea of constructing a machine that at the end of ten days would set free a hammer which in falling would ignite a charge of dynamite, the result being an instant and total destruction of the vessel in the hull of which the machine was to be placed. Passing over the detailed description of the premature explosion with its disastrous results, we would direct attention simply to the device itself. The accompanying drawings are authentic, and illustrate the Thompson Infernal Machine as it actually was constructed. It will be remembered that Thompson, or Thomassen, was obliged to intrust the work of construction to others; and, being thus unable to state the purpose for which it was designed, failed to correct the one defect that in the end thwarted his plan. It is said that he visited one Herr Rhind, a watchmaker of Vienna, and desired him to construct the model of a twelve-day clock which should be noiseless, and at the end of the time fixed should give one powerful stroke. The model being completed, it was placed in the hands of an operative named Carl Glückschall, who constructed the machine in five months. When it was completed, however, the springs that actuated the hammer were found to be too weak, and were replaced by stronger ones. When this defect was corrected, the device was so arranged within a closed box that a release of the springs at the given time caused the hammer to fall upon and ignite the explosives beneath.

The chief mechanism or clockwork was

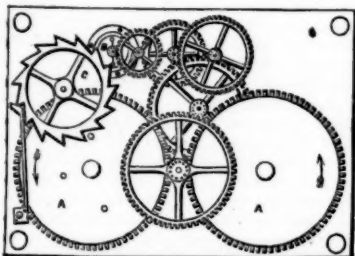


Fig. 1.

inclosed between two plates of iron, and its complication may be understood by reference to Fig. 1. *A A* are the wheels driven by main-springs, the wheel at the right connects with the usual balance-wheel and regulating mechanism, while that at the left gives motion directly to a second pinion on the axis of a ratchet-wheel, *C*. The shaft of this ratchet passes through the iron plate, and

supports on the outside a wheel, *E*, Fig. 2. Here also is shown the percussion mechanism. The wheel *E* made one complete revolution in ten days, which numbers are indicated on its face as shown. One of the spokes of this wheel was fitted with a pin, *G*. By the revolution of the wheel in the direction of the arrow this pin was brought in contact with the rail of the lever *K F*, pushing it aside,

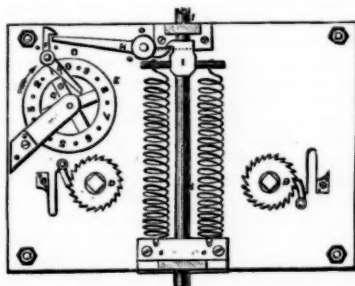


Fig. 2.

and thus releasing the lever *H*, which in its turn released the hammer-head *I*. This, being drawn down by the spiral springs on either side, came in violent contact with the percussion-cap, or dynamite.

The fact that these springs were released prematurely, owing to the careless handling of the box, directs attention to one fatal omission. No guard was placed to hold the lever *K F* in position; and, when the box was thrown down on the floor of the dock, it probably struck on the left side. The effect of this would be to throw the lever *F* off from the bar *H*, thus releasing the springs. We have called this a fatal omission, though who can tell how much more fatal would have been the result had the defect not existed!

The story of this hideously-ingenuous device has served to direct attention to previous efforts of a like character, though none of the machines hitherto discovered equaled in ingenuity of construction that which now stands recorded as the Thompson Infernal Machine.

THE testimony of "experts" is now constantly in demand in numerous trials, in order that the true nature of blood-stains may be determined. This demand has given rise to a more thorough method of microscopic examinations, and has added an increased interest to them. The *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, in noticing the method employed by M. Hayems, describes the plan and its results in a brief and clear manner. As any attempt to repeat these experiments will probably be made only by those familiar with the French system of measures, we, contrary to custom, retain the French nomenclature, reminding the reader, however, that a millimetre is equal to .039 of an English inch. Before describing the method it may be of interest to learn that an actual examination of a specimen of blood proved that there were about 4,435,250 red globules in the space of a cubic millimetre; that is, in a cube whose bulk is a little less than .0006 of a cubic inch. It seems impossible for the imagination to conceive of this, so infinitely minute must the globules be; yet science has devised methods by which not only may these globules be seen, but measured and compared. The

plan adopted by M. Hayems is given as follows: "On the stage of the microscope was an ordinary plain glass slide, on which was cemented a piece of thicker glass whose central part was removed. This space was exactly one-fifth of a millimetre in height, and, when a covering glass was placed on it, contained a quantity of liquid whose depth was precisely one-fifth of a millimetre. Then in the eyepiece of the microscope was a micrometer which was divided into sixteen squares, which in the aggregate were equivalent to one-fifth of a millimetre squared. This furnished a measure by which on looking down through the microscope one could estimate the number of red globules in the cubic fifth of a millimetre. But the globules, if the blood had been undiluted, would have been infinitely too numerous to be counted. Therefore by another instrument exactly two cubic millimetres of blood were taken from a wound; and then, by another somewhat like it, but larger in size, half a cubic centimetre, or 500 cubic millimetres, of serum (which had been obtained from a dropsical patient) was taken up and mixed with the blood thoroughly. This liquid was placed on the prepared slide till it filled it exactly, when the cover was placed upon it. On then looking through the microscope it was quite easy to count the globules, which were found to be 142 in number. This multiplied by 125, to bring it to the cube, gave 17,750, which, multiplied by 251, or quarter of a centimetre plus 1, gave a total of 4,445,250. From this the number in a cubic inch can be readily calculated. It will be found to exceed seven billions, a number of which we can form no adequate conception."

ON the 22d of January last the new aquarium at Westminster, London, was opened, the Duke of Edinburgh being present, and assisting at the ceremony. Paris, Berlin, Naples, Manchester, Brighton, and London, have now their great aquaria, while New York, with all its superior advantages, cannot boast even a single tank. That the movement begun by this JOURNAL two years ago, and since then repeatedly renewed, should have as yet accomplished no practical result, is greatly surprising. It is true that financial embarrassments have compelled our citizens to curtail and economize, but now that the clouds are breaking, and the way is again clear, surely we may indulge the hope that the Central Park aquarium will soon become an accomplished fact. So familiar must our readers be with the subject that the following description of the Westminster aquarium can but prove of interest, while it may also serve to direct attention to this great need of our public pleasure-ground. This new aquarium was constructed under the direct supervision of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, and its main features are described as follows: "The water, in flowing from one tank to another, will overflow from one and pass down a tube, so that it enters the next at the bottom, by which means a more thorough mixture than has hitherto been attained will be insured of the water that has been exposed to the surface aeration. The reservoir which occupies the space under the large hall is divided into nine compartments, so that, in case of an accident to any part, it can be cleared of the water and repaired while the other sections remain in operation. The total capacity of the reservoir is 600,000 gallons, and the total amount of water in reservoir and tanks together will be 750,000 gallons. For the circulation eight rotary vulcanite pumps are erected, and they are capable of sending 56,000 gallons an hour through the tanks if needed, to meet any emergency, though it is calculated that 15,000 to 20,000 gallons will be about the average amount. The plan of forcing downward small jets of water into each tank, as at the Crystal Palace, is adopted. In the anemone tanks the water will

be periodically emptied, representing, to some extent, tidal action. The salmon will have a fifty-feet run, and so will the wrasse. All the pipes, culverts, etc., are of vulcanite, but the glass fronts of the tanks are fitted in cork, with the exception of some of the limestone rock-work, which may probably be too soluble; everything that forethought could arrange in accordance with our present knowledge seems to have been attended to."

IN a communication which appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*, 1861, M. Gerardin claimed that amalgams and fused alloys, when traversed by a galvanic current, underwent electrolytic decomposition. Although this theory was defended by an extended record of researches, there now appears good reason for calling it in question. According to the more recent observations of Herr E. Obach, it would appear that the work of M. Gerardin was not trustworthy. The question is one of more than mere scientific interest, since it relates to the value of alloys in the arts. M. Gerardin claims to have discovered that soft-solder, when submitted to the action of an electric current, became, after being cooled, hard and brittle at the positive electrode, and malleable at the negative electrode. To this statement, as well as to the general conclusions, Obach objects, taking ground against them as follows: "1. The passage of a galvanic current produces no chemical decomposition either in amalgams or in fused alloys. 2. Sodium amalgam, after it has been traversed for some time by a current, decomposes water at its two electrodes exactly the same as before the current had passed through it. 3. The action of the current produces no change in the hardness or malleability of tin-lead alloys, nor in the fluid condition of sodium-potassium alloy. It has no effect whatever on the chemical composition of alloys in the neighborhood of the electrodes." Here is a difference, not of opinion only, but as to facts. That such a disagreement could exist suggests the possible service which might be rendered by a properly constituted scientific court of arbitration, before which the doctors of science might submit their facts and receive "opinions" as to the theories based on them.

THE record of inventions includes many ingenious devices for the construction and practical use of kites. It is but recently that public attention was directed to a scheme for drawing cars up an incline, such as a mountain-grade, by the use of balloons or kites. Ever since the day when Franklin established electrical communication between the earth and the clouds, through the agency of a kite-cord, that toy has attained to high dignity among its fellows. It is not improbable that, when we have come to know more of the upper and lower air-currents, kites may be made to render efficient service as a means for dragging ships against an adverse lower wind. Be that as it may, the subject is judged of sufficient interest to command the attention of several thoughtful observers. Experiments relating to this subject have lately been conducted at Woolwich, England, referring to which, Dr. Jones, the distinguished physicist, records his own efforts in the same direction. It appears that the steadiness of a kite in the air depends on the fact that the wings yield to the wind; hence, when the bows are too stiff or the surface a plane, instability results. The best shape for a kite—and this will interest both schoolboy and *savant*—is the convex spherical, which may be readily obtained by fixing two bows or half-hoops in the middle. The string should be attached a little above the centre of the vertical bow, with a light tail beneath. This kite was found to remain almost perfectly steady. It was also observed that by pulling strings attached to the right and

left of the horizontal bow the kite could be made to fly thirty degrees or more off the wind. It thus appears that, by the aid of such a device of sufficient size, a vessel could be brought to the windward.

HITHERTO the only ink used by printers became, when applied to porous paper, virtually indelible, being proof against air and all bleaching reagents. While this quality is most important in the printing of books, etc., yet, in the case of daily or weekly papers, and other instances where the material soon finds its way to the paper-makers, an ink which could be removed would render this waste far more valuable. Such an ink has been compounded by two German chemists, Kircher and Ebner, the formula for which is given as follows: Iron is dissolved in some acid, such as sulphuric, muriatic, and acetic, and one-half of the solution oxidized by nitric acid, after which the two portions are mixed and the black proto-sesquioxide precipitated by means of soda or potash. The precipitate is filtered out, well washed, and mixed with equal parts of a solution of tannic and gallic acids, which produces a beautiful blue-black or pure black pigment. This pigment is well washed and dried, and then mixed with linseed-oil varnish, forming an excellent ink for letter-press as well as for lithography, woodcuts, and steel and copperplate printing. Paper printed with this ink can be bleached by putting it into a bath of pure water, to which ten per cent. of caustic soda or potash has been added. It is left there twenty-four hours; then put into a rag-engine, cut fine, the pulp thrown on a cloth and allowed to drain, washed with clean water, to which ten per cent. of hydrochloric, acetic, or oxalic acid has been added, digested twenty-four hours, and again used for making paper.

THE success of the numberless submarine cables has suggested the possibility of establishing mid-ocean telegraph-stations. By the aid of these it is believed that messages can be sent from given points "out to sea," with distant land-stations, so that iron-clads, mail-steamers, or other vessels, can communicate with the terminal points while yet far distant from them. Among the special devices designed to accomplish this important result is one consisting of a hollow sectional column with a base plate connected by means of a ball-and-socket joint. This column is lowered and anchored rigidly to the ground, near some main cable. To this main cable a branch is coupled and carried along the column to the surface, there to be connected with instruments on board the vessel. Not only would this plan permit vessels in distress to communicate with the shore, but the movements of war-fleets could be made known. The one objection is, that by this means the main cable is placed at the disposal of any who choose to use or destroy it. And it is a question whether, before the plan is adopted, it be not necessary to lay new main cables designed for this special purpose, and subject to this risk.

THE friends and admirers of the late Commodore Goodenough have undertaken to erect a permanent monument to his memory. The committee having charge of the matter have determined that it shall be of a charitable or educational character connected with the navy. It will be remembered that Commodore Goodenough was killed by the Papuans while on a voyage of observation, and that his death was the result of poison received into the blood through the arrows of the natives. The poison used in these arrows is of the most deadly character, and the method of its application is described as follows: the arrows are each pointed with a human bone, brought to almost needle-

like sharpness, most carefully and neatly finished. They are poisoned by plunging them in a human corpse for several days. When they penetrate the living vein, the result is a blood-poisoning of the most violent and terribly painful character.

WE learn from *Nature* that an ingenious toy, apparently of Japanese origin, has recently been introduced into London. It consists of a small picture, on paper, of an individual pointing a firearm at an object—bird, target, or second person. By the application of the hot end of a match, just blown out, to the end of the gun, the paper commences to smoulder toward the object aimed at, and in no other direction. When it is reached a report is heard from the explosion of a small quantity of fulminating material. Of course the introduction of these toys into this country cannot be long delayed, unless the Board of Underwriters take action at once, and see that the first invoice is consigned to the Bureau of Combustibles.

A CATASTROPHE is reported from the island of Réunion which suggests the possible destruction of those villages and people known as prehistoric. The report states that a considerable portion of two mountains, the Piton de Neige and Du Gros Morne, fell in, and the village of Grand Sable, containing sixty-two persons, was subverted and swallowed up. A surface of over three hundred acres was covered with millions of cubic feet of rocks, forming a covering of one hundred and fifty feet in thickness. Of course succor was in vain, and at some distant day the subterranean explorer may bring to light again these buried remains, and, the record of the buried city being lost, will shape a theory to account for this strange discovery.

Miscellanea.

IN his entertaining book, "Round My House," reviewed elsewhere in the *JOURNAL*, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton narrates the following anecdote of a matrimonial embassy undertaken by himself in behalf of a French *Cœlebs*:

I well remember a certain young gentleman who came to ask me to be his ambassador in a matrimonial negotiation—an office which I very willingly undertook. He had a small, independent property and a profession; he had also taken better university-degrees than most Frenchmen think it necessary to take, and was, on the whole, a superior person, very eligible as a son-in-law. The young lady whom he wanted to marry belonged to a very respectable *doungroise* family, and had land of her own fully sufficient for her maintenance. She had been well educated (as female education goes), and was quite able to manage a house with order and economy; she had plenty of good common-sense, was as ladylike as it is possible to be, and very agreeable to those who knew her intimately, as we did. One detail remains to be added: she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life.

I at once concluded that my client (like many another) had been conquered by that beautiful face, and become the slave of love. I rather liked him for it. Here, at any rate, I thought, was a Frenchman, who had eyes to see and a heart capable of feeling certain tender emotions which we read about in the poets of other ages, but which very seldom give their divine warmth and sweetness to the chilly, calculating times in which we live. "I don't wonder," I said, "that

you should admire such an admirable young lady. She becomes more and more beautiful every day."

"Is she pretty? I have never seen her. Some people say she is pretty."

My feelings, as an Englishman believing in love, and an artist believing in beauty, were outraged by this answer; so I rejoined, with some acerbity:

"Then, for what reason on earth do you want to marry her?"

It was now his turn to be surprised. After opening his eyes in astonishment, he said: "I have reached the time of life when men take wives. I have made careful inquiries, and from all I can learn this young lady would make me a good and suitable wife. They say that she is well brought up, and can manage a house, and that she has good manners. I know that she has a suitable property, which is essential. There would be a fair proportion between her estate and mine, and my professional income would place a considerable balance on my side."

It was absurd to expect this young gentleman to reason otherwise than after the manner of a respectable Frenchman. His motives were honest enough. He was not in the least a fortune-hunter, telling lies to get possession of an estate; he was simply a decent young Frenchman, telling the exact truth about himself and his motives. He had got the idea into his head on his last birthday—he being then thirty-two years of age—that it was time to get married, and this was the manner, at once frank and prudent, in which he thought it best to set about it.

In England, or in any country where marriage customs are not founded upon an absurdly-exaggerated anxiety for the reputation of young women, a person who knew both parties, as I did, would simply have invited them at the same time that they might look at each other and hear each other's voice. In rural France such an arrangement was utterly impossible. Had I invited the young lady and her mother, after telling the latter that Colebs would be present, she would have refused at once to bring her daughter; and, if I had invited the ladies without warning the mother about Colebs, she would have considered the arrangement an outrage, and would never have forgiven me. I suggested that he ought to do as others did in similar circumstances—namely, try and get a peep at the young lady; but he said he had not time. It might be weeks before he could get the glimpse, and he wanted to know his fate at once, because, if refused, he might then go elsewhere.

This being so, I promised to make the offer, and set off accordingly next day for the house where the beautiful young lady dwelt. Circumstances favored me greatly, for I met her mamma in a quiet country-lane, and very soon came to the point. In England such a mission would have been preposterous, but I knew French prejudices well enough to be aware that I was doing exactly the right thing in the right way, and that what would have seemed preposterous in England (the fact that Colebs had never seen the girl) was strongly in my favor as a proof that my client had what we shall call the ideas and feelings of a gentleman. It turned out as I had expected. Mamma, by her questions (which were answered with the most absolute frankness), soon discovered this, and I could see by her looks that Colebs gained thereby in her esteem. The answer I got was by no means unfavorable, and amounted to this—that, if Colebs would wait two years, he would have a fair chance, if a richer and nobler Colebs did not turn up in the mean while, but that the young lady was to dwell in maidenhood until the expiration of that time. My client, however, was but little satisfied with

this decision, and applied for another young lady, whom he married in about a month. I cannot say whether he ever saw her before their engagement—very likely he did not—but she is an excellent wife to him, and they both appear (so far as others can judge) to dwell together in the greatest domestic bliss.

In the last *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Robert Charles Caldwell, writing upon "Demonolatry and Demoniical Possession," describes the devil-dance of Southern India, by which, it is believed, malignant spirits are propitiated and evils consequently averted:

It is an extremely difficult thing for a European to witness a devil-dance. As a rule, he must go disguised, and he must be able to speak the language like a native, before he is likely to be admitted without suspicion into the charmed circle of fascinated devotees, each eager to press near the possessed priest, to ask him questions about the future while the divine afflatus is in its full force upon him. Let me try once more to bring the whole scene vividly before the reader.

Night, starry and beautiful, with a broad, low moon seen through palms. A still, solemn night, with few sounds to mar the silence, save the deep, muffled boom of breakers bursting on the coast full eight miles distant. A lonely hut, a huge, solitary banyan-tree, grim and gloomy. All round spread interminable sands, the only vegetation on which is composed of lofty palmyras, and a few stunted thorn-trees and wild-figs. In the midst of this wilderness rises, spectre-like, that aged, enormous tree, the banyan, haunted by a most ruthless she-devil. Cholera is abroad in the land, and the natives know that it is *she* who has sent them the dreaded pestilence. The whole neighborhood wakes to the determination that the malignant power must be immediately propitiated in the most solemn and effectual manner. The appointed night arrives; out of village, and hamlet, and hut pours the wild crowd of men, and women, and children. In vain the Brahmans tinkle their bells at the neighboring temple; the people know what they want, and the deity they must reverence as supreme just now. On flows the crowd to that gloomy island in the star-lit waste—that weird, hoary banyan. The circle is formed; the fire is lit; the offerings are got ready—goats and fowls, and rice and pulse and sugar, and ghee and honey, and white chaplets of oleander-blossoms and jasmine-buds. The tom-toms are beaten more loudly and rapidly, the hum of rustic converse is stilled, and a deep hush of awestruck expectancy holds the motley assemblage. Now the low, rickety door of the hut is quickly dashed open. The devil-dancer staggers out. Between the hut and the ebon shadow of the sacred banyan lies a strip of moonlit sand; and, as he passes this, the devotees can clearly see their priest. He is a tall, haggard, pensive man, with deep-sunken eyes and matted hair. His forehead is smeared with ashes, and there are streaks of vermilion and saffron over his face. He wears a high, conical cap, white, with a red tassel. A long, white robe, or *angî*, shrouds him from neck to ankle. On it are worked, in red silk, representations of the goddess of small-pox, murder, and cholera. Round his ankles are massive silver bangles. In his right hand he holds a staff or spear, that jingles harshly every time the ground is struck by it. The same hand also holds a bow, which, when the strings are pulled or struck, emits a dull, booming sound. In his left hand the devil-priest carries his sacrificial knife, shaped like a sickle, with quaint devices engraved on its blade. The dancer, with uncertain, staggering motion, reels slowly into the centre of the crowd, and

then seats himself. The assembled people show him the offerings they intend to present, but he appears wholly unconscious. He croons an Indian lay in a low, dreamy voice, with drooped eyelids and head sunken on his breast. He sways slowly to and fro, from side to side. Look! You can see his fingers twitch nervously. His head begins to wag in a strange, uncanny fashion. His sides heave and quiver, and huge drops of perspiration exude from his skin. The tom-toms are beaten faster, the pipes and reeds wail out more loudly. There is a sudden yell, a stinging, stunning cry, an ear-piercing shriek, a hideous, abominable gobble-gobble of hellish laughter, and the devil-dancer has sprung to his feet, with eyes protruding, mouth foaming, chest heaving, muscles quivering, and outstretched arms swollen and straining as if they were crucified! Now, ever and anon, the quick, sharp words are jerked out of the saliva-choked mouth—"I am god! I am the true god!" Then all around him, since he and no idol is regarded as the present deity, reeks the blood of sacrifice. The devotees crowd round to offer oblations and to solicit answers to their questions: "Shall I die of cholera during this visitation?" asks a gray-headed farmer of the neighborhood. "O god, bless this child, and heal it!" cries a poor mother from the adjoining hamlet, as she holds forth her diseased babe toward the gyrating priest. Shrieks, vows, imprecations, prayers, and exclamations of thankful praise, rise up, all blended together in one infernal hubbub. Above all rise the ghastly, guttural laughter of the devil-dancer, and his stentorian howls—"I am god! I am the only true god!" He cuts, and hacks, and hews himself, and not very unfrequently kills himself there and then. His answers to the queries put to him are generally incoherent. Sometimes he is sullenly silent, and sometimes, while the blood from his self-inflicted wounds mingles freely with that of his sacrifice, he is most benign, and showers his divine favors of health and prosperity all round him. Hours pass by. The trembling crowd stand rooted to the spot. Suddenly the dancer gives a great bound in the air; when he descends he is motionless. The fiendish look has vanished from his eyes. His demoniacal laughter is still. He speaks to this and to that neighbor quietly and reasonably. He lays aside his garb, washes his face at the nearest rivulet, and walks soberly home a modest, well-conducted man.

A WRITER in *Temple Bar* discourses of mental spectacles:

In the fable of the chameleon, the traveler who saw that hideous little reptile beneath green leaves—saw him green; the one who saw him under a blue sky—saw him blue. The umpire took stock of him by night, and found him black; and when he was shaken of a white boy—white he was. The disputants, as he told them, when "first the creature found a tongue," were all right and all wrong. Their fault was that, being right under one set of circumstances, they would not admit that any one who differed from them could be right under another. But, suppose that they all three had found him (say) beneath green leaves, and that one said he was red, and the other blue, and the third orange, and stuck to it—what then? In that case, we should have to conclude that they wanted to quarrel, or else that they wore red, blue, and orange spectacles respectively.

People all wear colored spectacles on their minds' eyes. The glasses get tinted gradually and (like the chameleon) take the hue of their surroundings—only they keep it. The calm, unconscious manner in which highly-bred people do mean things; religious people, dishonest things;

and people who pride themselves upon a reputation for frankness, tricky things—is only to be accounted for by the wearing of spectacles upon the mind's eyes. The *grande dame* in *Punch* who gave the waiter a halfpenny, and when the man declined the largess said, "How nice! they don't take presents," is no caricature. She has the potatoes weighed out to her servants, and cheats at elections of orphans at the charitable institutions which she patronizes. Her brother, the dean, dabbles in stocks and shares upon the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle, and, with the utmost placidity, does things which would shame a West End financial agent. Yet the lady who gave the halfpenny does not really know she is mean, and her very reverend relative is not really conscious of dishonesty. It is all the fault of the spectacles.

The subjects upon which people cannot agree, because they wear differently-colored spectacles, are too numerous to mention here, but one or two may be mentioned. Take, for example, dueling: In the sender of a challenge, the ordinary Englishman sees a fool, and in the refusal of one the ordinary Frenchman sees a poltroon. The law of either country forbids the practice. Religion and logic agree in denouncing it. Nothing remains upon which to hang an argument, except an idea called *honor*, upon the size, shape, and color of which it is impossible to agree, because the spectacles worn reflect it differently. What the people who do not wear spectacles see under this head forms no part of my subject. Suicide is another instance. Religion, law, logic, are again all on one side (except in Japan), but looking through average French spectacles it is both honorable and brave for a man who cannot pay his debts to blow out his brains.

National character, temperament, and public opinion, color the glasses in these cases, but there are plenty of others in which Frenchmen cannot agree with Frenchmen, or Englishmen with Englishmen, simply because of the spectacles they affect. I met a person lately who denounced all engaged in a raffle for a charitable purpose as gamblers, and warmly declared that the goodness of the object was no palliation of the sin of staking money upon a chance. Some one asked him if he had insured his life, and he could not be brought to see what that had to do with it!

If people could only exchange these spectacles we should all agree—to differ: "Ah, yes, exactly! I see now what you saw," would be the explanation; but, unfortunately, we cannot do so. It is more than many of us will do, to admit that our glasses are tinted at all. It is the other man who *will not* leave off his yellow or his rose color, and is so confoundedly obstinate.

A WRITER in the London *Graphic* dwells upon current outcomes of would-be taste for the picturesque in household adornment:

The results of the rage for variety of effect by startling combinations in men's immediate surroundings give rise to doubts in the minds of old-fashioned people whether the application of art to the common things of every-day life must necessarily bring about an increase to human happiness. Mrs. Oliphant's humorous account, in her story, "The Curate in Charge," at present appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, of the furnishing and appointment of Mr. Mildmay's rooms, is not greatly exaggerated. The dim lights, through the use of stained glass, dingy papers on the walls, superfluity of china and *bric-à-brac*, photographs "taken from the originals," rugs strewn in unexpected places, curtained doorways, chairs that have gained the quality of su-

preme elegance at the cost of supreme fragility, etc., are not peculiar to the rooms of Oxford dons. The rage for this class of adornment, even when introduced in the square, low-roofed rooms of the modern suburban villa, so long as it suits the tastes and purses of those who adopt it, can in no way be regretted, but it becomes intolerable when people with neither the adequate tastes nor means think fit to fill their rooms with cheap imitations of such adornment. Surely, something may be said, even at the risk of being dubbed a "Philistine," for the old-fashioned furniture that was first solid, and then pretty. The extraneous adornments of carved corners and cleverly-turned legs, the straight, fragile back and hard-stuffed seat of the arm-chair of the so-called mediæval type (Brummagem mediævalism, surely), the sharp angles of which cannot by any ingenuity be made to fit into the natural curves of the human frame—a piece of fragility that cracks if it is drawn near the fire, and threatens to collapse on any sudden movement of the person seated in it, is a poor substitute for the arm-chair that one comes upon now in country-houses only, and in cozy inns of the old type (alas! they, too, with their unpicturesque comforts, are being improved off the face of the earth), into which a man could throw himself in slippere ease before the fire, and find rest in whatever posture he might choose to place himself—a piece of furniture with which one could take liberties for a lifetime without fear of damaging it, and as capable of tempting to repose the grandchildren of its owner as it had proved to their grandfathers. Will any future bard dare the world "to chide him for loving his old arm-chair," while the modern so-called mediæval type of the severely picturesque sort remains popular?

Of the modern cottage he has also something to say:

But the cottage *ornée* has the great advantage over its town compeer that, whatever may be the quality of the structure itself, in point of appearance it must be prettily situated. It must have a background of hills, or woods, or both; the over-

hanging thatch of the eaves curtains effectually the rude glare of light that would beat against the lattice windows, the pillars of the veranda are hidden by creepers, the walls and fretwork of the porch are overgrown with ivy, and the veranda in the moonlight, where one can stroll or find a seat in placid enjoyment of a cigar, is all that could be desired. The hall and stairs are wide and roomy; the ceilings may slope at eccentric angles, inconvenient for the heads of tall people suddenly standing up, or for near-sighted people in the twilight, but all is compensated by the prevailing odor of flowers. "If there is peace to be found in the world, a heart that is humble might hope for it here," one may say with Moore, looking at the smoke gracefully curling among the green elms, but, however humble and accommodating the heart, even with the presence of the maid who "blushes when she is praised and weeps when she is blamed," a winter's experience of the cottage *ornée* is calculated to damp the most ardent enthusiasm. The rooms that were so charmingly shady and cool in the summer's heat are dingy and dark in winter; the latticed windows that opened out on the veranda to admit the perfume of flowers and the fresh breezes admit draughts that no closing of doors, or fastening of windows, or coverings over the fire will counteract; the ivy that was so admirably adapted for artistic effect has an unfortunate tendency to retain the damp and beset the walls, necessitating a consumption of coal that gives a nervous housewife a constant dread by day and nightmare while she sleeps lest the thatch takes fire; rain (snow at the melting stage answers the same purpose) soaks through the thatch, and drives the insects and vermin that harbored there in the warm weather (specimens that would astonish a man who had spent the best part of his life in the tropics) to disport themselves in the bedrooms. Altogether, the man who has been induced to invest his money in the cottage *ornée* may be tempted to wish that there was a little less of the picturesque element that charmed him as he saw it in the sweet spring-time, and more of solid, if unpicturesque, comfort.

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